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P E R S I A N

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L E T T E R S.

Translated

By Mr. O Z E L L.

V O L U M E *the* F I R S T.

The Third Edition, Carefully corrected.

With some Additional LETTERS by the
Author, never translated before; and several
Explanatory Notes by the Translator, more
than in the Preceding Editions.

H. Comte L O N D O N: *Cappenhaim*

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P R E F A T O R Y

Advertisement,

Containing an Account of this New Edition, and likewise something in Answer to the Letter LXXVII.
In Defence of Self-Murther.



I N Order to make good what is promised in the Title-page, I am to acquaint the Reader that at the End of the first Volume, he will find a Translation of some * new Letters of the Au-
VOL. I. A 2 thor.

* Containing, among other Things, a true Character of the Populace or Mob; shewing by what
easy

Prefatory Advertifement.

thor. I know not how the Dutch Editor came by them, but they seem to me to be Genuine, and I wish he had given us more of them; but I cannot help wondring at his leaving out so many of the Old ones, viz. I, V, X, XXX, XXXIX, XL, XLI, XLV. None of which have I thrown out, but have preserv'd them all, and every where given my whole Author, and not made Fritters of him, as too many Translators and Editors are used to do. Had the Dutchman sunk that Letter in Vol. 2. which is written in Defence of Self-murder, he had been more excusable. Tho' after all, I can see no hurt there is even in that Letter, much less the Ludicrous ones Evil be to them that Evil think That dangerous Letter, as some affect to call it, seems to me, by the Interrogations continually annexed to

easy Means they may be stirr'd up against a Minister. A Touch upon Exorbitant Grants and Pensions; Likewise a Satire on Begging-Courtiers, and Oppressive Wasteful Princes And lastly a too true Description of the Infelicity, Hardship and Misery of Men of Wit and Learning.

Prefatory Advertisement.

each Proposition, to be merely a Problematical Exercitation to try what can be said on the other side the Question, in like manner as the Existence of a God and Providence, is frequently and publickly disputed in the Schools and Universities (in foreign Parts at least) thereby to give occasion of answering the Objections of Atheists. If this is common among Christians, well may a supposed Mahometan be indulg'd the Liberty of such a Paradoxical Dissertation, nor will any Man, notwithstanding what happen'd not long ago in the † Temple, lay such Stress on the Contents of that Letter, as to think his Creator has made him a free Agent to deface his own Image Unless, like that unhappy Gentleman, he has lost his Senses with his Fortune. Besides, it is plain that Gentleman had read the Persian Letters but by halves, for in several of them the Author declares himself against Self-murder, particularly

† Mr. M——by, had on his Table the Persian Letters lying open, at this Passage, when he laid violent Hands on himself.

Prefatory Advertisement.

Letter CXXXIII, (now CXXXVI.) where he expressly says, I am sufficiently satisfied that every Individual ought to stick to the Station wherein Nature has placed him, and can by no means approve of the Weakness of such, as, finding themselves reduced, quit their Posts by a kind of Desertion. Again, in Letter CI (now CIV.) He makes an Englishman say, (and very justly) We cannot give another (meaning the King) more Power over us than we have over ourselves: for Instance, we cannot touch our own Lives, &c. Again, in Letter LXXXI (now LXXXIV) he has these Words, We are encompassed with Men stronger than we are, they may hurt us a thousand several ways, and generally with Impunity. What a Comfort is it to us, to know that there is in the Heart of all those Men an inward Principle that stands up in our Behalf, and protects us from their Violences! Were it not for this, we shou'd have Reason to be in perpetual Dread; we shou'd pass by a Man, as
by

Prefatory Advertisement.

by a Lyon; and we shou'd never be one Moment secure of our Lives, Estates or Honour.

Now, if for the sake of continuing the Humane Species, each Individual has, implanted in him, this natural Respect towards all his Fellow-Creatures, each Individual ought to have, nay actually has (unless he's Mad) the same natural Respect for himself, since He is one of the Species no less than they are, and the private inward Principle was given for the benefit of the Publick. Wou'd not that inward Principle, or Inhibition to destroy others, be a mere Jest, if we were at liberty to destroy ourselves, as this Letter-writer pretends? But, in short, his Argument is a mere Jest, and written in the wantonness of his Wit, for I have already shewn from other Letters of his, and cou'd have quoted more to the same Purpose, That he does not really think, we have any such ex-animating Power over our selves, nor do any that destroy themselves think so, for they don't think at all.

Prefatory Advertisement.

In short, as the whole two Volumes are a Satire on the Customs of the Europeans, I look upon this Letter to be a Satire against that too customary Enormity, and not a Justification of it: for what is more ridiculous, than because another Man has by his Villainy made me a Beggar, I must go and Hang my self, when 'tis He that ought to be Hang'd? Bad Men will oppress others: Offences must come, for God himself has said it; but Woe be to them through whom they do come, not on whom they do come, for that wou'd be hard indeed, and preposterous too, yet these Melancholy Men make it so. If indeed when God created us, he had not at the same Time created every thing that was necessary for our Preservation, we might have some Colour for doing what this Letter seems to justify; but that not being the Case, it was plainly the Intention of our Creator that we shou'd preserve our selves as long as we honourably and innocently can. In order to this, let us renounce all manner of Melancholy, all corroding Cares, and violent Transports of Passion, according

Prefatory Advertisement.

*according to that first and chief Rule,
which the University of Salerno (in Italy)
prescribed to our Henry VIIIth. who
desired them to make a Directory of
Health for his particular Use,*

*Si vis incolumem, si vis te red-
dere sanum,
Curas tolle graves, Irasci crede
prophanum.*

*To conclude Let us follow the ad-
vice of the ancient Heathen Poet. Tu
nè cede Malis, &c. Don't be overcome
and triumpht over, either by Evil Fortune
or Evil Men. They can't last long.
Dabit DEUS his quoque Finem. God
will put an End to Both, without Our
concerning our selves in the Affair.*

*To return to the Account I was giving
of this Edition, besides the New Letters
mention'd above, the Author has occa-
sionally inserted in several Places, many
material whole Periods and Sentences, such
as this in Letter XI. at the beginnning:
“ Thou askest me, Mirza, whether the
“ Happiness of Men consists in Pleasure
A 5 “ and*

Prefatory Advertisement.

“ and sensual Satisfactions, or in the
“ Practice of Virtue? thou wilt have me
“ explain to thee at large, what I have
“ more than once said to thee, That
“ Men are born to be Virtuous; and
“ that Justice is a Quality as proper
“ to them as their Existence.”

As for the Explanatory Notes, tho' I have pretty much increas'd their number, yet I can't say, but there are four or five Allusions of the Author, which I have not yet been able to dive to the bottom of. All I have to add is that in Prideaux's Connection and Calmet's Dictionary, the Reader may see a full Account of the Guebres, a Sect of Fire-worshippers among the Persians, mention'd in the short Novel at the end of the second Volume.

*The Reader need not be told, that the first Letter of the second Volume is a Satire, not only on the Gentlemen of the French Academy, but on all others who pretend to fix the Standard of a living, and consequently a fluctuating Language. Thus much indeed is obvious to every Reader; as also, that the Code
of*

Prefatory Advertisement.

of their Decisions, the Child of forty Fathers, *can be nothing else but the Great French Dictionary, publisht some Years since by that Academy.* But every English Reader may not know that by the Bastard who popt into the World before the other legitimate Child, the Author means the Dictionary of Monsieur Furetiere, which he stole from the French Academy, and publisht before theirs came out. For which Rascally Action they expell'd him. And since I'm upon this Article, I shall beg the Reader's leave to go thro' with it. On occasion of Furetiere's Expulsion as aforesaid, among other witty Conceits at that Time, there was struck a sort of Medal representing * un Etron, and round it these Words, in Latin, ab ejectione corporis sanitas, Better out than in.

Again; in the same Letter concerning the French Academy, the Author talks of their being Griping. I take this to

* See the French Dictionary for the meaning of this Word, or else ask Mr. Tuer, since Signor Tron the Venetian Envoy is gone.

Prefatory Advertifement.

bint at Monsieur Granier another Member of that Academy, who had defrauded an Orphan of a large Sum of Money; for which they expell'd him too. On this occasion a Medal (or something like it) was struck, representing a Spider hung in its own Webb, with these Words round it, in Italian, Lavora per impiccarfi, Takes pains to be hang'd.

J. Ozell.



The



The ORIGINAL

P R E F A C E.



Here present the *English* Reader with the most diverting, as well as instructive, Book that *France* has produced these many Years. It is wrote with a Strength of Reasoning, a Freedom of Thought, and a Vein of just Humour, which that Nation was hardly thought capable of: and, which is most surprizing, notwithstanding the supposed Impossibility of such an Attempt, the Author has found a new Sett of Characters never before represented in *Europe*. He has opened to us a Scene of Action, which all the Curiosity of our most famous Travellers cou'd never pierce into, and given us so natural an Idea of the Manners of the Seraglio, the Thoughts and Passions of a number of Women confined for the Pleasures of a single Man, and the Notions and
Cast.

P R E F A C E.

Cast of Mind of the Eunuchs, whose whole Lives are spent in guarding and watching them, that one wou'd almost believe the Letters to be Genuine.

If ever the Translation of a *French* Book was necessary in a Country where that Language is so much understood as in *England*, it is this, which in many places is so obscure, that tho' I think I have had a tolerable Experience in this Tongue, yet without much Thought, and even sometimes consulting of Friends, I own I cou'd not have reach'd the Sense. The Author, hurried away by the Fire of his Wit, and the multitude of Thoughts crowding in upon him, cou'd not so well attend to Perspicuity of Expression. But if we often forgive an Author his want of Thought, when his Language is smooth, sure we may pardon the Darkeness of Style in a Work where the Thoughts make us so full amends!

I shall not pretend to inform the Public of the Name of the Author; if I knew it I wou'd bury it in eternal Silence. He has threaten'd us with
so

P R E F A C E.

so severe a Penalty if we enquire him out, namely, that of being silent from the Moment he is discovered, that the World would have no great Obligation to any Body's impertinent Curiosity, that shou'd make them pay for so trifling an Information with so invaluable a Loss.

If the Author keeps his Promise of favouring us with more of these entertaining Performances, I shall continue to put them in the best Dress for my Countrymen that I am able.



T H E

THE CONTENTS.

Letter I.

USBEK *to his Friend Rustan at Ispahan. He desires to know what People say of his going to travel.* Page 5

Letter II. Usbek *to the Chief black Eunuch, at his Seraglio at Ispahan. He gives him Directions about managing his Wives* 6

Letter III. Zachi *to Usbek, at Tauris. She bemoans his Absence, and recalls to mind several Passages of their Love.* 8

Letter IV. Zephis *to Usbek, at Erzeron. She complains of the Black Eunuch.* 12

Letter V. Rustan *to Usbek, at Erzeron. An Account of what People say of his Travelling.* 13

Letter VI. Usbek *to his Friend Nessir, at Ispahan. His Thoughts upon leaving his Native Country.* 14

Letter VII. Fatmé *to Usbek, at Erzeron. She sets forth her Uneasiness at his Absence.* 16

Letter VIII. Usbek *to his Friend Rustan. The real Causes of his Journey.* 20

Letter

The CONTENTS.

Letter IX. *The Chief Eunuch to Ibbi, at Erzeron. He compares the Misery of his Condition, and the Troublesomeness of his Employment of guarding Women, to the Happiness of Ibbi's, in going to see the World with his Master.* Page 23

Letter X. *Mirza to his Friend Usbek, at Erzeron. He desires his Thoughts upon a point of Morality, namely, whether Men were born to be Virtuous, and not for themselves.* 31

Letter XI. *Usbek to Mirza, at Ispahan. He answers his Question, by an Account of a Nation called Troglodites, that were almost as savage as brute Beasts, and lived without Laws, or Government. The Miseries and Inconveniencies of such a Life.* 32

Letter XII. *Usbek to the same. The same History continued. Two Troglodite Families live differently from their Countrymen in the Pursuit of Virtue. The Happiness of those Families.* 39

Letter XIII. *Usbek to the same. A further Account of the Virtue of the Troglodites. Their Moderation, their Courage in the Defence of their Properties, and their Wives and Children.* 44

Letter XIV. *Usbek to the same. The Troglodites chuse a King. His Unwillingness to accept that Honour.* 47

Let:

The CONTENTS.

- Letter XV. Usbek to Mollah-Mehemet-Ali, Guardian of the three Tombs. He pays Veneration to his Sanctity, and desires him to answer his Scruples. 50
- Letter XVI. Usbek to the same. He declares himself doubtful why certain Things shou'd be reckon'd unclean. 52
- Letter XVII. Mehemit Ali, Servant of the Prophets, to Usbek, at Erzeron. He answers his Doubts by a Mahometan Tradition of Mahomet's raising up Japhet the Son of Noah, and making him give an Account of several Transactions in the Ark. 54
- Letter XVIII. Usbek to his Friend Rustan, at Ispahan. The Weakness of the Ottoman Empire. 59
- Letter XIX. Usbek to Zachi his Wife, at the Seraglio of Ispahan. He reprimands her severely, for being caught alone with Nadir the white Eunuch. 62
- Letter XX. Usbek to the Chief of the White Eunuchs. He threatens him for his Neglect of his Duty. 66
- Letter XXI. Usbek to his Friend Ibben, at Smyrna. He is surpriz'd at the great Liberties of the Italian Women. 68
- Letter XXII. Rica to Ibben, at Smyrna. An Account of Paris. The French King a great Magi-

The CONTENTS.

Magician. The Pope a greater. The Constitution Unigenitus. Secret Enemies which the King cou'd never find out. Page 69

Letter XXIII. Usbek to Ibben, at Smyrna. *Professions of Friendship.* 76

Letter XXIV. Usbek to Roxana, at the Seraglio of Ispahan. *He compares the Modesty of the Persian Women with the Impudence of the European.* 78

Letter XXV. Usbek to Neffir, at Ispahan. *The Air of Europe does not agree with him.* 84

Letter XXVI. Rica to ***. *A Description of the French Plays, Play-houses, Fops and Actresses. A Letter from one of the Dancers of the Opera to desire Usbek to carry her into Persia with him.* 86

Letter XXVII. Rica to Ibben, at Smyrna. *An Account of the Pope and Romish Clergy. The Inquisition.* 90

Letter XXVIII. Rica to the same. *The Surprise of the People of Paris upon the Sight of a Persian.* 95

Letter XXIX. Rhedi, to Usbek at Paris. *An Account of Venice.* 97

Letter XXX. Rica to *** *A Description of the Hospital for Blind People.* 99

Let-

The CONTENTS.

Letter XXXI. Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice.
*Of the Use of Wine. The good Effects of Li-
quors in dispelling of Melancholy.* Page 100

Letter XXXII. Rica to Ibben, at Smyrna.
*The Reason of the Sprightliness of the Euro-
peans, and the Gravity of the Asiatics.* 103

Letter XXXIII. Usbek to Gemchid his Cou-
sin, a Dervise of the shining Monastery of
Tauris. *He believes 'tis possible the Christians
may be saved, upon Account of the Conformi-
ty there is in many Particulars between
their Religion and Mahometism.* 106

Letter XXXIV. Usbek to Rhedi, at Ve-
nice. *Of the Wits of Paris. The Controver-
sy about Homer.* 110

Letter XXXV. Usbek to Ibben, at Smyrna..
*The Character of the late French King,
chiefly in his private Life.* 113

Letter XXXVI. Rica to Ibben, at Smyrna.
*He examines whether it be reasonable to al-
low Women the Liberties and Privileges
which they enjoy in Europe.* 116

Letter XXXVII. Hadgi Ibbi to the Jew Ben
Joshua, a Mahometan Profelyte at Smyrna.
*An Account of the Miracles which happen'd
at the Birth of Mahomet, and the Contest
among the Birds, the Clouds, the Winds, and
the Angels, which should have the Honour of
educating him.* 120

Let-

The CONTENTS.

Letter XXXVIII. Usbek to Ibben, at Smyrna.
Funerals. Page 123

Letter XXXIX. *The Chief of the Black Eunuchs to Usbek. He sends him Word that one of the Black Eunuchs being Dead, he attempted to put one of the Slaves into a Capacity of succeeding him, but he would not undergo the Operation.* 125

Letter XL. Pharan to Usbek, his Sovereign Lord. *He begs that he may not be Castrated.* 126

Letter XLI. Usbek to Pharan, at the Gardens at Phatme. *He grants his Request.* 129

Letter XLII. Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice. *The Vanity of all Professions; of the Woman of Erivan; of a poor wretched Indian King; of the Cham of Tartary.* ibid.

Letter XLIII. Rhedi to Usbek, at * * *. *A mad Alchymist fancied he had got the Philosopher's Stone.* 132

Letter XLIV. Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice. *Of the endless Disputes about Religion. The Prayer of one that could not tell which to Embrace.* 135

Letter XLV. Zachi to Usbek, at Paris. *She gives him an Account of what passed at the Seraglio, and of a Journey his Women took into the Country.* 139

Letter XLVI. Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice. *A Description*

The C O N T E N T S.

Description of a Company he had been in: the Character of a vain Financier; of a foppish Abbé; of a miserable Poet; of an old narrative Soldier; of a vain Coxcomb, that made it his whole Business to debauch Women.

Page 142

Letter XLVII. Rica to Usbek at ***. *What passed between him and a Monk, that wanted to settle a Mission in Persia.* 154

Letter XLVIII. Rica to ***. *Of Vanity.* 157

Letter XLIX. Nargum, *Envoy from Persia, in Muscovy, to Usbek, at Paris. The Manners of the Muscovites. A Letter from a Muscovite Woman, complaining bitterly that her Husband never beat her. The Character of the Czar.* 160

Letter L. Rica to Usbek, at ***. *The Desire of Old Women to be thought Young.* 164

Letter LI. Zelis to Usbek, at Paris. *She desires to know whether he will consent to give Zelida, his Slave, in Marriage to Cosrou the white Eunuch. Her Thoughts upon such Marriages.* 168

Letter LII. Rica to Usbek, at ***. *The Way to be a Wit.* 170

Letter LIII. Rica to Ibben, at Smyrna. *The Indifference in which the French live with their Wives.* 175

Letter LIV. Usbek to Ibben, at Smyrna. *Of Gaming.* 179

Letter

The CONTENTS.

Letter LV. Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice. *The Business of a Casuist.* Page 181

Letter LVI. Rica to Rhedi, at Venice. *Of the various sharpening ways of living in France.* 185

Letter LVII. Rica to Usbek, at ***. *He shews, by the Characters of some old People with whom he had been in Conversation, that we always judge of things with an Eye to our selves.* 188

Letter LVIII. Usbek to Ibben, at Smyrna. *Of the Jews in Europe.* 191

Letter LIX. Usbek, to Rhedi, at Venice. *A Clergy-man shews him how difficult it is for one of their Profession to please in the World.* 194

Letter LX. Zelis to Usbek, at Paris. *The Force of Habit, in making a Woman virtuous.* 198

Letter LXI. Rica to Usbek, at ***. *Of the way of pleasing the Women in France.* 201

Letter LXII. *The Chief of the Black Eunuchs, to Usbek at Paris. Of the Irregularities of his Seraglio. The good Order observed in that wherein he was bred up.* 203

Letter LXIII. Usbek to his Wives, at the Seraglio at Ispahan. *He reprimands them for not observing Discipline.* 209

Letter LXIV. Rica to ***. *Of Authors.* 211
Letter

The CONTENTS.

Letter LXV. Ibben to Usbek, at Paris. *The History of Apheridon and Astarte.* Page 214

Letter LXVI. Rica to Usbek, at ***. *The Character of an ignorant French Judge.* 233

Letter LXVII. Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice. *That God's Prescience is not incompatible with Man's Free-will.* 235

Letter LXVIII. Zelis to Usbek, at Paris. *An account of a great Affront put upon his Friend Soliman's Daughter.* 241

Letter LXIX. Usbek to Zelis. *He praises her for the care she takes of her Daughter's Education.* 243

Letter LXX. Rica to Usbek, at ***. *The Character of a positive decisive Coxcomb.* 244

Letter LXXI. Rica to ***. *The true Character of the Populace, and how easy it is to work up their Passions against a prime Minister.* 246

Letter LXXII. *Against exorbitant Grants, begging Courtiers, and wasteful Princes.* 249

Letter LXXIII. *The Infelicity of Wit and Learning.* 253



Persian



Persian *Letters.*

I Shall write no Epistle Dedicatory, nor beg Protection for this Book. It will be read, if it is good; if bad, I care not whether it be read or no.

I have begun with these Letters, to try the Taste of the Publick. I have many more in my Cabinet, which may be publish'd in time.

But it is upon Condition that I am not found out; for as soon as my Name is known, I am silent for ever. I know a Lady who walks very well, and yet limps if any one looks on her. The Faults of the Work may satisfy the Criticks, without exposing those of my Person to them. Besides; were it told who I am, every one would

VOL. I. B cry,

cry, 'Tis like him : His Book is his true Character : He might have employ'd his Time better : It does not become a Man of Gravity. The Criticks never miss these Reflexions, because little or no Wit is required in hitting upon them.

The *Persians* who wrote these Letters, lodg'd where I did ; we liv'd together ; and as they look'd upon me as one of another World, they concealed nothing from me. Indeed 'twas hardly possible for men at such a distance from Home to have Secrets that could affect Me, and accordingly they communicated to me the greatest Part of their Letters. I took Copies of 'em, and laid my Hands on some which they would willingly have kept from me, as exposing a little too much the *Persian* Vanity and Jealousy.

Thus I am a Translator only. My greatest Trouble was to make this Work as conformable as I cou'd to our Manners. I have endeavour'd to ease the Reader as much as possible with respect to the *Asiatick* Style, and have left out abundance of sublime Expressions,

pressions, which would have carry'd him into the Clouds, and tir'd him with their Sublimity.

This however is not all I have done for him. I have curtail'd the long Compliments, of which the Orientals are more lavish than even we ourselves; and have left out most of those minute Passages, which cannot well bear the Light, and ought always to be buried between Friends.

If most of those that have publish'd Collections of Letters had done the same thing, there would scarce have been enough left to trouble the Press with.

I can't help observing, that I have been often surpriz'd to find these *Persians* as well inform'd as my self of the Manners and Customs of our Nation. Even the nicest Circumstances have not escap'd them; as they have done many *Germans* who have travell'd thro' *France*. I impute it to their long Abode among us, without reckoning that it is easier for an *Asiatic* to learn the *French* Manners in one Year, than for a *French* Man

to learn those of *Asia* in four; because the former discover as much as the latter conceal themselves.

Custom permits every Translator, nay even the most barbarous Commentator, to adorn the Head of his Version, or his Glossary, with the Panegyrick of the Original, and to set forth its Utility, Merit, and Excellence. I have done no such thing. The Reasons are easily guess'd at. One of the best is, that it would be very tedious, in a Place of it self generally very insipid; I mean, a Preface.

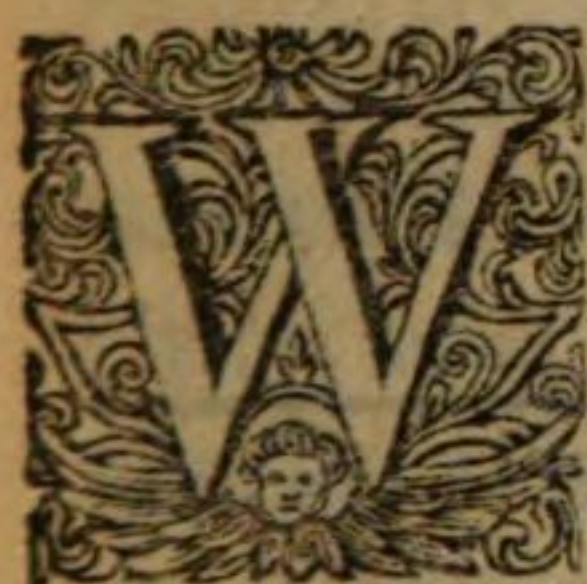


LET.



LETTER I.

Usbek to his Friend Rustan, at
Ispahan.



WE staid but one Day at
Com: when we had paid
our Devotions at the Tomb
of the Virgin who brought
forth twelve Prophets, we
proceeded on our Journey, and arrived
yesterday at *Tauris*, being the twenty
fifth of our Departure from *Ispahan*.

Rica and I are perhaps the two first
Persians that ever left their own Coun-
try out of a Desire of Knowledge;
and renounc'd the sweets of Tranquil-
lity, for the laborious search of Wis-
dom.

We were born in a flourishing
Kingdom; but we did not believe
there was nothing to be learnt out of
its Limits; or that there was no Light
but the Oriental, by which we could
be illuminated.

Tell me what they say of our Travels. Don't flatter me. I do not expect many Approbators. Direct to me at *Erzeron*, where I shall stay some time. Adieu, dear *Rustan*; and be assur'd that wherever I am, thou wilt always have a faithful Friend.

Tauris, 15th of the Moon

Saphar, 1711.

LETTER II.

Usbek to the Chief Black Eunuch at his Seraglio in Ispahan.

THOU art the faithful Guardian of the fairest Women in *Persia*. I have trusted with thee the dearest things in the World. Thou hast in thy Hands the Keys of those fatal Doors, that are never open'd but to me. Whilst thou watchest over the Treasure of my Heart, it is at rest, and in an intire Security. Thou art upon Guard in the Silence of
the

the Night, and the Tumult of the Day. Thy indefatigable Cares support thy Virtue when it staggers. If the Women thou guardest would deviate from their Duty, thou deprivest them of all hope of doing it. Thou art the Flail of Vice, and the Pillar of Fidelity.

Thou commandest them, and thou obeyest them. Thou dost whatever they will of thee, and they do implicitly whatever thou wilt of them, according to the Laws of the Seraglio. Thou makest it thy Glory to render them the meanest Services, and with Respect and Fear submittest to their lawful Orders. Thou servest them as the Slave of their Slaves; but as Master in thy turn, commandest them as sovereignly as I do myself, when thou art apprehensive of any Transgression of the Laws of Chastity and Modesty.

Remember that I rais'd thee from nothing; and from the lowest of my Slaves, listest thee to the Office thou art now possess'd of; the Charge of the Delights of my Soul. Behave

thy self with the most profound Submission towards those that divide my Love: but at the same time make 'em sensible of their extreme Dependance. Provide for them all innocent Pleasures. Deceive their Disquiets; amuse them with Musick, Dances, and delicious Liquors. Persuade them to meet often. If they would go into the Country, carry them thither: But take care that no Man comes near them, at the Peril of his Life. Exhort them to Cleanliness, the Image of the Purity of the Soul. Talk frequently of me to them. I long to see them again, in that charming Place of which themselves are the greatest Ornament.

Tauris, 18th of the Moon

Saphar, 1711.

L E T T E R III.

Zachi to Usbek, at Tauris.

WE order'd the chief Eunuch to carry us into the Country. He will

will tell thee that no Accident befell us. When we were to croſs the River, and quit our Litters ; we, according to Cuſtom, put our ſelves into Caſes: Two Slaves carry'd us on their Shoulders, and we eſcap'd the Eyes of all Men.

How can I live, dear *Usbek*, in the Seraglio at *Iſpahan*; in thoſe Places where I eternally call to mind my paſt Pleaſures; where my Deſires every day ſuffer freſh Violence? I wander from one Apartment to another, always ſearching, but I never find thee. Inſtead of thee, I meet a cruel Remembrance of my loſt Happineſs. Sometimes I'm in the Place, where I firſt receiv'd thee in my Arms: ſometimes in that where thou decid'ſt the famous Diſpute among thy Wives. Each of us pretended to be ſuperior to the other in Beauty. We preſented our ſelves before thee, after having put our Inventions to the Rack, to dreſs our ſelves out to the beſt Advantage. With Pleaſure didſt thou behold the Wonders of our Art. Thou admir'ſt the Ardency of our Paſſion,

B f

and

and the Extent of our Imagination to please thee ; but soon didst thou give up all those borrow'd Charms, and fix thy Eyes on the Graces of Nature. Thou destroy'dst all our Work. We must strip our selves of those Ornaments that were become incommodious to thee. We must appear before thee in our native Simplicity. What car'd I for Modesty ! I was inspired with an Ambition to conquer. Oh happy *Usbek*, what Worlds of Charms were then in thy View ! We saw thy Eyes a long while roving from Enchantment to Enchantment. A long while thy Soul remain'd in doubt, where to fix. Every new Grace demanded a Tribute of thee. We were in an Instant cover'd with thy Kisses. Thy curious Glances reach'd the most secret Places. A thousand different Postures are presented to thy View. Thou commandest us with Pleasure, and with Transport we obey I own, *Usbek*, a Passion stronger than Ambition inspir'd me with the Hopes of pleasing thee. I insensibly perceived that thy Heart was mine. Thou took'st me. Thou left'st me. Again thou took'st me, and I knew
how

how to keep thee. Mine was the Triumph, and Deſpair my Rivals. It ſeem'd as if there were only we two in the World, and nothing elſe in it worth our Care. Wou'd to Heaven my Rivals had had the Courage to ſtay and ſee what Tokens of Love I receiv'd from thee. Had they been Witneſſes of my Raptures, they wou'd have ſeen the Difference between my Love and theirs; they wou'd have ſeen that tho' they might diſpute Charms with me, they cou'd never pretend to be ſo ſenſible of the Joy as I was — But where am I? whither does this vain Relation lead me? 'tis a Miſfortune not to have been belov'd; but 'tis an Affront to be belov'd no more. Thou leav'ſt us, *Usbek*, to go rambling in barbarous Climates. How then! Doſt thou think 'tis nothing to be belov'd? Ah *Usbek*, thou doſt not know what thou loſeſt. I ſigh, but my Sighs are not heard; I weep, and thou doſt not ſee my Tears. Love ſeems to live in this Seraglio, and thou art ſo inſenſible as to fly from it. Ah my dear *Usbek*, how happy wou'd'ſt thou be, didſt thou know thy own Happineſs!

*From the Seraglio at Fatme, the 21ſt
of the Moon Maharram, 1711.*

LET-

L E T T E R IV.

Zephis *to* Usbek, *at* Erzeron.

THE black Monster has at last resolved to throw me into Despair. He wou'd by force take from me my Slave *Zelida* : *Zelida*, who has serv'd me with so much Affection, and has so nice a Hand in whatever relates to Ornaments and Graces. He was not satisfy'd with the Grief that attended this Separation, he wou'd have it accompany'd with Dishonour. The Traitor wou'd insinuate that there was something criminal in the Confidence I plac'd in her; and because he was tir'd with staying behind a Door, where I had posted him, he presum'd to suppose he heard or saw what I never did so much as imagine. I am very unfortunate. Neither my Retirement nor my Virtue can defend me from extravagant Suppositions. A vile Slave attacks me in thy very Heart, and I must defend my self.

No:

No: I value my self too much, to descend to Justifications. I will have no Guarantee for my Conduct, but thy self, but thy Love and mine, and if I must tell thee so, dear *Usbek*, my Tears.

*From the Seraglio at Fatme, the 29th of
the Moon Maharram, 1711.*

LETTER V.

Rustan to Usbek, at Erzeron.

THOU art the Subject of all the Discourse of *Ispahan*. They talk of nothing but thy leaving it. Some attribute it to Levity of Mind; others to Chagrin. Thy Friends only defend thee, and they convince no Body. They cannot comprehend that thou canst quit thy Wives, thy Relations, thy Friends, to visit Climates unknown to the *Persians*. *Rica's* Mother is inconsolable, and demands of thee her Son, whom she says thou hast stolen from her. For my part, dear *Usbek*, I am naturally dispos'd to approve of
whatever

whatever thou dost, but I cannot forgive thy Absence; and thy Reasons for it have no weight with my Friendship. Adieu. Love me always.

Isfahan, 28th of the Moon

Rebiab 1, 1711.

LETTER VI.

Usbek to his Friend Neffir, at
Isfahan.

A Day's Journey from *Erivan* we left the Territories of *Persia*, and enter'd the *Turkish* Dominions. Twelve Days after that we arriv'd at *Erzeron*, where we stay'd three or four Months.

I must own to thee, *Neffir*, I felt a secret Grief when I lost sight of *Persia*, and found my self in the midst of perfidious *Osmanlins*. According as I advance in the Country of these Infidels, I grow my self methinks more and more an Infidel.

My Country, my Family, my Friends are ever in my Thoughts; my Tender-
ness

neſs awakes; a certain Uneaſineſs ſeizes me, and ſhews that I have undertaken too much for my Repoſe.

But what troubles me moſt is my Wives. I cannot think of them, without the moſt tormenting Care.

Not that I love them, *Neffir*. I am on that account in a State of Inſenſibility. I have no Deſires. Living in ſo numerous a Seraglio, I prevented Love, and deſtroy'd him by himſelf. But as inſenſible as I am of Deſire, I am not ſo of Jealouſy; I conſider them as a Company of Women left almoſt to themſelves, with a parcel of ſorry Fellows to take Charge of them. I ſhould hardly think my ſelf ſafe, were my Slaves faithful. But what will come of it, if they ſhould not be ſo? What melancholy News may I receive in the remote Countries, thro' which I am about to travel? 'Tis a Miſfortune, for which my Friends cannot find any Relief. A Seraglio is a Place, the Secrets of which they ought not to be acquainted with. And what cou'd they do? Had not I better a thouſand times let things paſs with Impunity,

Impunity, than make a Noise of them with Correction? Dear *Nessir*, I rest all my Cares in thy Bosom, and 'tis all the Comfort I have in my present Condition.

Erzeron, 10th of the Moon

Rebiab 2, 1711.

LETTER VII.

Fatme *to* Usbek, *at* Erzeron.

'TIS two Months, dear *Usbek*, since thou left'st me, and yet I can scarce think thou art gone; so full is my Heart of Trouble, and so little capable of Reason. I run about the Seraglio as if thou wert still there, and I cannot satisfy my self to the contrary. What wouldst thou have become of a Woman who loves thee, and was accusom'd to thy Embraces; whose only Employment was to give thee new Proofs of her Tendernefs? Free by the advantage of her Birth, a Slave by the violence of her Love.

When

When I marry'd thee, my Eyes had never seen the Face of a Man, and never have they to this day seen any one but * thee; for I do not reckon those frightful Creatures, the Eunuchs, to be Men; and 'tis their least Imperfection, that they are not so. When I compare thy Beauty with their Deformity, I cannot help thinking my self happy. My Imagination cannot furnish me with an Idea more ravishing, than the Charms of thy enchanting Person. I swear to thee, *Usbek*, if I were allow'd to leave this Place, to which the necessity of my Condition confines me; if I could get away from those that are on the Watch all around me; if I were to chuse among all the Men that live in this Capital of Nations, I swear to thee, *Usbek*, thou only should'st be my Choice. There cannot be a Man in the World who deserves to be belov'd, but thee.

Don't think that thy Absence has made me neglect a Beauty which is

* *The Women in Persia are shut up more closely than the Turkish or Indian Women.*

dear

dear to thee. Tho' no Body is to have a Sight of me; tho' all the Ornaments of Dress which I make use of are useless to thy Happiness, yet I strive to entertain my self in a Habit of pleasing. I never go to Bed without being perfum'd with the most delicious Essences. I call to mind the happy time when thou cam'st to my Arms. A flattering Dream seduces me, and shews me the dear Object of my Love; and as my Imagination is delighted with its Hopes, so it is lost in its Desires. Sometimes I hope thou wilt be tir'd with the Fatigues of Travelling, and return to thy Seraglio. Night passes away with such pleasing Dreams, which awake or asleep are alike vain. I seek thee by my Side, and thou seem'st to fly from me. The Fire that devours me, dissipates these Enchantments it self, and recalls my wandring Spirits. I find my self then so animated ——— Thou wilt not believe it, *Usbek*, but 'tis impossible to live in this Condition. The Fire burns in my Veins. Why can't I express to thee what I feel so sensibly! And why do I feel so sensibly

sensibly what I cannot express to thee! In that Moment, *Usbek*, I wou'd give the Empire of the World for one Kiss of thee. How unhappy is the Woman, whose Desires are so violent, to be deprived of him who can only satisfy them; who, deliver'd up to her self, and having nothing to divert her, must live in a constant course of Sighs, and in the Fury of the most tormenting Passion; who, far from being happy her self, has not even the Advantage of serving to make another so: Useless Ornament of a Seraglio, kept for the Honour and not for the Happiness of her Husband.

You Men are very cruel; you are pleas'd that we have Desires which we cannot satisfy, and you treat us as tho' we had none; tho' you would be very sorry if we had not: You believe they will be inflam'd at sight of you, after the longest Mortifications. A Man cannot easily make himself be lov'd; and the quicker way is to obtain from our Complexion, what you dare not hope from your Merit.

Adieu,

Adieu, my dear *Usbek*, Adieu. Assure thy self that I live only to adore thee; my Soul is full of thee; and thy Absence, instead of making me forget thee, would encrease my Love, if it was possible for it to be more violent.

*From the Seraglio at Ispahan,
the 12th of the Moon Re-
biab 1, 1711.*

LETTER VIII.

*Usbek to his Friend Rustan at
Ispahan.*

I Receiv'd yours at *Erzeron*, where I still remain. I did not doubt but my Departure would make a Noise, nor am I in pain about it. What wouldst thou have me pursue; the Prudence of my Enemies, or my own? I was very young when I came first to Court. I may presume to say, my Heart was not corrupted there. I form'd a great Design to my self, and durst

durſt even there be Virtuous. Aſſoon as I knew Vice I fled it; but drew nearer it afterwards, to pull off its Mask. I carry'd Truth as far as the foot of the Throne. I talkt a Language till then unknown. I put Flattery out of countenance, and at the ſame time surpriz'd both the Adorers and the Idol.

But when I found my Sincerity had made me Enemies, that the Miniſters were jealous of me, and I was not at all in favour with the Prince; that in a corrupt Court I could not ſupport my ſelf by ſolid Virtue, I reſolv'd to quit it. I feign'd a great attachment to the Sciences; and by feigning it ſome time, did indeed acquire it. I no more concern'd my ſelf with Affairs, but retir'd to a Country-Houſe. This Retirement had its Inconveniences. I was ſtill expos'd to the Malice of my Enemies, and had hardly any way left to defend my ſelf againſt it. Some ſecret Advice oblig'd me to look to my ſelf; I could think of no better Security than a voluntary Exile; and my Retirement from Court turniſh'd

nish'd me with a plausible Pretence for it. I waited on the King, and told him the Desire I had to be instructed in the Sciences of the West. I insinuated to him, that my Travels might be useful to the Publick. I found Favour in his sight. I departed, and deprived my Enemies of a Victim.

This, *Rustan*, was the true Motive of my Travels. Let *Ispahan* talk; defend me not but to such as love me; leave my Enemies to their malicious Interpretations. I should be exceedingly happy if it was the only Evil that could befall me.

They talk of me at this time: perhaps hereafter I shall be too much forgotten, and that my Friends——No, *Rustan*, I will not give way to this melancholy Thought. I shall always be dear to them; I depend upon their Fidelity, as I do on thine.

Erzeron, the 20th of the Moon

Gemmadi 2, 1711.



LET-

L E T T E R IX.

The Chief Eunuch to Ibbi, at Erzeron.

THOU followeſt thy ancient Maſter in his Travels. Thou paſſeſt thro' Provinces and Kingdoms. No Chagrins can make any Impreſſion upon thee. Every moment preſents thee with ſomething new. Whatever thou ſeeſt diverts thee, and makes thy Time paſs away imperceptibly.

'Tis not the ſame with me, who am ſhut up in a terrible Priſon, always ſurrounded with the ſame Objects, and tormented with the ſame Cares ; under the weight of which, and fifty Years Diſquiets, I groan, and am ready to ſink. I can truly ſay, that in the whole courſe of a long Life, I have not known one chearful Day, nor one Moment's Eaſe.

When my Maſter came to the cruel Reſolution to truſt his Women with me, and ſeduced me by a thouſand Promiſes and Threats, to part with my ſelf for ever ; being weary
of

of painful Service, I resolv'd to sacrifice my Passions to my Repose and my Fortune. Wretch as I was! I foresaw what I shou'd not suffer, but not what I shou'd. I flatter'd my self with the Gain, but did not consider the Loss. I hop'd to be deliver'd from the Assaults of Love, by an Impotence of satisfying it. Alas! the Effect of the Passions is extinguish'd in me, without extinguishing the Cause; and very far from relieving me, mine were continually enrag'd by the Objects with which I was environ'd. I enter'd the Seraglio, where every thing inspir'd me with Regret for the Loss I had sustain'd. Every Minute offer'd new Excitements to Desire. The natural Graces which charm'd my Eyes, at the same time prey'd upon my Heart. The Beauties that were expos'd to me, made me look on the Man that possess'd them with the most racking Envy. In this Thought, I could not lead a Lady to my Master's Bed, I could not undress her, but as soon as I return'd to my Chamber, my Heart was seiz'd with Rage,
and

and my Soul with horrid Despair.

Such was my miserable Youth. I was my self my only Confident. Consum'd with secret Sorrow and Care, my Life was my greatest Burthen; and I was forced to look, as severely as I cou'd, on those very Women whom I desir'd to gaze on with the most tender Glances. I shou'd have been ruin'd, had they observ'd me. What Advantage wou'd they not have taken of it?

I remember when I once waited on a Lady at her Bath, I was so transported, that I was no more my own Master, and had the Boldness to lay my Hand on a most formidable Place. I presently thought of what I had done, and that that Day would be my last. However I had the good luck to escape the thousand Deaths which threaten'd me; but the Beauty, who was the Cause and the Witness of my Weakness, made me pay dear for her Silence; I intirely lost my Authority over her; and she often oblig'd me afterwards to make Compliances, every one of which put my Life in danger.

At last, the Fire of Youth is past away. I am old, and on that account in a State of Tranquillity. I look on the Women with Indifference, and return upon them the same Contempt, and the same Torments, which they have made me suffer. I always call to mind that I was born to command them; and methinks I become a Man again on certain occasions, where my Duty authorizes me to do it still. I hate them, since I ceas'd to love them, and that Reason has removed the Veil which conceal'd their Weaknesses. Tho' I guard them for another, I have a secret Pleasure in being obey'd by them; and when I deprive them of what they would have, it seems as if it was on my own account, and I have an indirect Satisfaction in it. I am like a little Emperor in the Seraglio; and my Ambition, the only Passion that is left me, receives a little Contentment in that. I pride in the Dependance they have upon me, and in being always necessary to them. I willingly take upon me the Hatred of all these Women, which fixes me the faster in my Office;

Office ; nor do they find an Ingrate in me. I am always a Spy upon their most innocent Pleasures ; and stand always before them like an immoveable Barrier. They form Projects, and I on a sudden put a stop to them. I am prepar'd with Repulses, and have Scruples always at hand, whenever they propose any thing. I am continually talking to them of Duty, Virtue, Chastity, Modesty ; and eternally teasing them with the Weakness of their Sex, and the Authority I have over them. I then complain of the Obligation I lie under, to use such Severity ; and seem as if I would have them believe I had no other Motive than their own Interest, and an extream Desire to serve them.

Notwithstanding all this, I too have my Torments as well as they ; and, in my turn, meet with an infinite Variety of Vexations. These revengeful Creatures are every day projecting how to be quit with me ; and so they are sometimes, with a vengeance. The turns of Rule between us, are like the ebbings and flowings of the Sea. They charge me daily with the most mortifying

tifying Services. They affect a Scorn which is without Example. And, without any respect to my Years, they frequently call me up ten times a night, and that for the least Trifles. I'm wearied to death with their repeated Orders, Commands, Employments, and Caprices. They relieve one another to keep me in Exercise, and one wou'd think there's a Succession of Whimfies among them. Sometimes they please themselves with giving me the Alarm; and oblige me to redouble my Cares, by false Insinuations against one another. Sometimes they come and tell me, that a young Man has been seen lurking about the Walls. At other times, that a Noise has been heard, or a Letter been deliver'd. All this gives me Disquiet; and they do but laugh at it. It tickles them to see how I am vex'd at it. Sometimes they'll tye me behind a Door, and keep me there Night and Day. They are very skilful in counterfeiting Sickness, Swoonings, Frights. They never want a Pretence to gain their Point of me. At such times I'm bound to a blind Obe-

Obedience, and a Complaisance without limits. For a Man in my Office to refuse them on these occasions, wou'd be a thing never heard of; and if I should dispute their Orders, 'twould be a sufficient warrant for them to chastise me. I had rather, dear *Ibbi*, lose my Life, than be humbled after this base manner.

This is not all. I am never sure of my Master's Favour a moment, having so many Enemies in his Heart always contriving how to ruin me. And these Enemies have certain Moments in which I can't be heard; Moments in which he can refuse them nothing, and in which I must needs be always in the wrong. I lead Women enrag'd to the Bed of my Master. Do you think they'll do me any Service, and that *my* Side will be the strongest *there*? May not I well be afraid of their Tears, their Sighs, their Embraces, and even their Pleasures? They are on the Scene of their Triumphs, and their Charms become terrible to me. Present Services in a minute efface all my past ones; and who

can answer for a Master who is no longer himself?

How often have I lain down in Favour, and risen in Disgrace? What had I done the day that I was so basely lash'd round the Seraglio? I left a Woman in my Master's Arms: As soon as she saw he was inflam'd, she pour'd out a torrent of Tears: She lamented, and manag'd her Lamentations so well, that they grew upon her as fast as Love grew upon him. How cou'd I possibly defend my self in so critical a minute? I was undone when I least thought of it. I was the Victim of an amorous Negotiation, and of a Treaty form'd by Sighs. Such, dear *Ibbi*, is the cruel Condition in which I have always liv'd.

How happy art thou, whose Duty is confin'd only to the Person of *Usbek*! 'Tis easy for thee to please him, and preserve his good Graces as long as thou liv'st.

*From the Seraglio at Ispahan, the last
of the Moon Saphar, 1711.*

LET.

LETTER X.

Mirza to his Friend Usbek, at
Erzeron.

THOU wert the only Man that could make me amends for *Rica's* Absence, and no body but *Rica* cou'd give me Comfort in thine. Thou art wanting, *Usbek*; thou wert the Soul of our Society; and how hard is it to break those Ties that were fasten'd by Friendship and Reason! We dispute here very much, and Morals are generally the Subject. Yesterday the Question was, whether Pleasure is Happiness, and Felicity consists in the Satisfaction of the Senses, or the Practice of Virtue? I have often heard thee say, that Men were born to be virtuous; and that Justice is a Quality as necessary to them as Existence; pr'y-thee explain to me what thou mean'st by it.

I have discours'd with the *Mollacks*, who torment me with Passages out of the *Alcoran*; for I do not talk to them

as a true Believer, but as a Man, a Citizen, a Father of a Family.

LETTER XI.

Usbek *to* Mirza *at* Ispahan.

THOU askest me whether the Happiness of Men consists in Pleasure and sensual Satisfaction, or in the Practice of Virtue? Thou wilt have me explain to thee at large, what I have more than once said to thee, That Men are born to be virtuous; and that Justice is a Quality as proper to them as their Existence.

If thou wert to consult the *Mollacks*, they wou'd overwhelm thee with Passages out of the Holy Alcoran, without considering that thou dost not talk to them as a true Believer, but as a Man, as a Citizen, and as a Father of a Family!

To perform what thou requirest of me, I don't think there's need of making use of very abstracted Reasons. There are certain Truths which 'tis
not

not enough to convince Men of, they must also be made palpable to them. Such are the Truths of Morality. Perhaps this Piece of History will touch thee, more than a Philosophical Thesis.

There was a People among the *Arabs*, call'd *Troglodites*, descended from the ancient *Troglodites*, who according to Historians were more like Beasts than Men. These latter were not so deform'd indeed, they were not hairy like Bears, they did not hiss, they had two Eyes; but they were so wicked and wild, that they had no Principle of Equity or Justice among them.

They had a King of a foreign Origine, who to correct the Wickedness of their Nature treated them severely; but they rose against him, killed him, and rooted out all the Royal Family.

This Blow being struck, they assembled together to settle a Government, and after much Debate they created Magistrates; but they were scarce chosen before they became insupportable, and they massacred them also.

Deliver'd of this new Yoke, they follow'd nothing but the Dictates of their savage Natures. They all agreed they would have no Governor; that every one should pursue his own Interests, without consulting those of other Men. This unanimous Resolution was extremely grateful to all the *Troglodites*. They cry'd, "Why should I work
" my self to death for Persons whom
" I'm not at all concern'd for? I'll
" mind my self only. I'll live happy.
" What is't to me whether others are
" so or not? What I want I'll have;
" and if I have it, I shan't matter
" how miserable all the other *Troglodites*
" *dites* are."

'Twas then Seed Time; and every one said, "I'll till my Ground only
" for just so much Corn as is necessary
" for my own Subsistence. More than
" I need my self, is superfluous. I'll
" not labour for nothing."

The Lands of this little Kingdom were not all alike fruitful. Some were dry, some were mountainous; and the lower Grounds were water'd with several Springs. There happen'd a
great

great Drought this Year, infomuch that the Uplands fail'd entirely, whereas the Low-Lands water'd with the Springs were very fruitful. Thus almost all the Inhabitants of the Mountains perish'd for want of Bread: Those of the Low Country being so hard-hearted as to deny them a Portion of their Harvest.

The next Year was a wet Season. The Up-Lands abounded with Corn, and the Lower were drown'd. Half of the Nation again cry'd out Famine; but the Mountaineers were as hard-hearted as the Inhabitants of the Low-Lands had been.

One of the principal Men in the Country had a very handsome Wife. His Neighbour fell in Love with her, and took her from him. This occasion'd a great Quarrel, and after much Scolding and many Blows, they agreed to refer the Matter to a *Troglodite*, who, while the Republick lasted, had some Credit among them. They went to him, and were going to tell him their Case; but he cut them short: "What matter's it to me, said he, " which

“ which of you has the Woman? I
“ must look after my Ground, and
“ not waste my Time upon your
“ Affairs, to the Detriment of my
“ own. Pray leave me, and don’t di-
“ sturb me with your Differences.”

At these words he went about his business. The Ravisher, who was the stronger Man of the two, swore he wou’d rather lose his Life than part with the Woman; and the Husband was forc’d to return home, cursing the Injustice of his Neighbour, and the Moroseness of the Judge. As he was going to his House, he met with a young handsome Woman coming from the Well. He had now no Woman of his own. This Woman pleased him; and he was much more pleas’d when he understood ’twas the Wife of the Man whom he had chosen to be the Judge between him and the Ravisher, and who had made so light of his Case. He took her, and carry’d her home with him by force.

There was a Man who had a Field pretty fertile, which he cultivated with Care. Two of his Neighbours join’d together,

together, drove him out of his House, and possess themselves of his Field. They enter'd into a League to defend themselves against all those that should endeavour to dispossess them, and maintain'd themselves in it several Months: But one of them being weary of enjoying in Partnership what he might have all to himself, kill'd the other, and became sole Master of the Field. His Empire was of short duration. Two other *Troglodites* came and fell upon him; he was too weak for them both, and they murder'd him, as he had done his Partner.

A *Troglodite*, who was almost naked, saw some Cloth to be sold. He demanded the Price. Says the Draper to himself, "I ought not indeed to have
" more for my Cloth than would purchase two Bushels of Wheat, but
" I'll have as much as shall buy me
" eight Bushels." The Man wanted the Cloth, and must pay what the Draper demanded. "This is pretty
" well, says the Draper; I shall have
" Bread enough now." How is that, reply'd his Customer? Do you want
Corn?

Corn? I have some to sell; but perhaps the Price will startle you, for you know “Wheat is very dear, and
“the Famine spreads almost every
“where; but give me my Money
“back, and you shall have a Bushel;
“and you shan’t have it cheaper, tho’
“you die of Hunger.”

A mortal Distemper in the meanwhile rag’d in the Country. An able Physician arriv’d there out of a neighbouring one. His Remedies were so effectual, that they cur’d all who took them. When the Sickness was over, he went to those that he had cur’d, to be paid for the Cure. But he met with Denials only. He return’d home worn out with the Fatigue of his Journey, and soon after understood that the same Distemper had again got among the *Troglodites*, and rag’d worse than ever among that ungrateful People. They came to Him this time, without waiting for Him to come to them:
“Go, unjust Men as you are, said he
“to them, there is a Poison in your
“Souls more mortal than the Sickness
“you would be cur’d of. You don’t
“deserve

“deserve a dwelling-place upon Earth.
 “You know not what Humanity is,
 “and are ignorant of the Rules of
 “Equity. I should think I offended
 “the Gods who punish you, if I op-
 “pos’d the Justice of their wrath.”

Erzeron, 3^d of the Moon
 Gemmadi 2, 1711.

LETTER XII

Usbek to the same, at Ispahan.

THOU hast seen, dear *Mirza*, how
 the *Troglodites* perish’d by their
 own Wickedness, and were the Victims
 of their own Injustice. Of so many
 Families as were in the Nation, two
 only were left, who escap’d in the ge-
 neral Destruction. These two Men
 were very singular. They had Hu-
 manity, and were not Strangers to Ju-
 stice. They lov’d Virtue, and were
 united as much by the Rectitude of
 their own Minds, as by the Corruption
 of their Countrymens. They were
 Witnesses

Witnesses of the common Desolation, and no farther concern'd in it than they were mov'd by Pity. The Destruction of their Neighbours was a Motive of farther Union. They labour'd with mutual Sollicitude for their mutual Interest. They had no Differences but such as are the effect of a sweet and tender Friendship. They liv'd a happy and peaceful Life in a bye Part of the Country, separate from the rest of the Inhabitants, who were not worthy of them. The Soil seem'd to produce of it self, so blest was the Labour of their pure Hands.

They lov'd their Wives, and were tenderly belov'd by them. They were wholly intent upon educating their Children to Virtue. They continually represented to them the Calamities of their Countrymen, and often set that moving Example before their Eyes. They above all things instill'd into them this Principle, that every private Man's Interest is inseparable from the Interest of the Community. To divide it, is Ruin. That Virtue is not a thing which should be troublesome to
us,

us, nor ought the Exercise of it to give us Pain; and that Justice to another, is Charity to our selves.

They had soon the Consolation of virtuous Fathers; which is, to have Children like themselves. The young People who grew up under them, increas'd by happy Marriages. The Number augmented. Union was preserv'd. Virtue, instead of being weaken'd, in a Multitude, was, on the contrary, fortified, and spread every where by Example.

Who can describe now the Happiness of the *Troglodites*? So just a People must needs be dear to the Gods. As soon as they open'd their Eyes to know the Gods, they learnt to fear them; Religion refin'd their Morals, and civiliz'd the Rudeness of Nature.

They instituted Feasts to the Honour of the Gods. The young Men and Maidens adorn'd with Flowers, celebrated the Rites with Dances, and the soft Notes of Sylvan Musick. Banquets succeeded, and their Joy was as universal as it was frugal. Plain Nature spoke in these Assemblies. Here
it

it was that Hearts were given and taken. Here the Blushes of modest Virgins betray'd those Sentiments, which were soon confirm'd by the Consent of Fathers ; and here tender Mothers pleas'd themselves with the agreeable foresight of their Daughters future Happiness, in the Love and Fidelity of their Husbands.

The Blessings of Heaven were implor'd in Temples. Those Blessings did not consist in Riches, and a burthensome Plenty. Such Wishes were unworthy of the happy *Troglodites*. They only desired them for their Countrymen ; as to themselves, their Parents Health, their Brothers Friendship, their Wives Love, their Children's Affection and Obedience, were the only Subjects of their Prayers. The Maidens brought thither the tender Sacrifice of their Heart, and demanded nothing of the Gods but that they might make a *Troglodite* happy.

In the Evening, when the Flocks quitted the Fields, and the tir'd Oxen brought home the Plough ; these innocent People met, and over a light Repast

Repast sung the Crimes and Punishment of the ancient *Troglodites*; and how Virtue and Felicity sprung up with the rising Generation. They sung the Greatness of the Gods, their Favours to Men who address themselves to them, and their inevitable Wrath against those that do not fear them. They then describ'd the Sweets of a Country Life, and the Pleasures of a State, always adorn'd with Innocence: After which they gave themselves up to those soft Slumbers that are never disturb'd by Care and Sorrow.

Nature contributed to their Desires, as much as to their Necessities. Covetousness was a stranger in this blessed Climate. They made Presents to each other, and the Giver always thought he had the advantage. The Nation of the *Troglodites* lookt on themselves as one single Family. Their Flocks and Herds were almost always intermixt, and the only Trouble which they commonly spar'd themselves, was that of dividing them.

Erzeron, the 6th of the Moon
Gemmadi 1, 1711.

L E T-

L E T T E R XIII.

Usbek to the same.

I Cannot talk enough to thee of the
 Virtue of the *Troglodites*. One of
 them said once, My Father is to rise
 to-morrow betimes to go to plough;
 “ I’ll be up two hours before him,
 “ and when he comes to his Field, he
 “ shall find it ready plough’d to his
 “ hand. ”

Said another to himself, “ My Si-
 “ ster seems to have a kindness for
 “ such a young *Troglodite*, a Kinsman
 “ of ours ; I’ll talk to my Father, and
 “ get him to consent to the Marri-
 “ age. ”

Another was told, “ Some Rob-
 “ bers have stoln your Kine:” “ I
 “ am sorry for’t, says he ; there
 “ was a white Heifer, which I
 “ design’d for a Sacrifice to the
 “ Gods. ”

Another was heard to say, “ I must
 “ go to the Temple, and return
 “ Thanks to the Gods for the Reco-
 “ very

“ very of my Brother, who is so dear
“ to my Father and me.”

Or else, “ There’s a Field border-
“ ing on my Father’s, and those that
“ work there are every Day expos’d
“ to the Heats of the Sun; I must
“ plant some Trees there, that those
“ poor Men may repose themselves
“ sometimes under their Shade.”

Several *Troglodites* being on a time
met together, an old Man talk’d to a
young one whom he suspected to have
done an ill Action, and reproach’d
him for doing it. The other young *Tro-*
glodites said, “ We don’t believe he is
“ guilty of it; but if he is, may he
“ die the last of his Family.”

A *Troglodite* was told, Strangers have
plunder’d your House, and carry’d e-
very thing away with them; “ Had
“ they not been dishonest, reply’d he,
“ I could have wish’d the Gods to
“ give them longer Use of it than I
“ have had.

So much Prosperity was not look’d
upon without Envy, The neighbour-
ing People assembled, and under a fri-
volous Pretence resolv’d to take from
them

them their Sheep and Cattle. When the *Troglodites* heard of it, they sent Ambassadors to them, who spoke to this Effect.

“ What have the *Troglodites* done
“ to you ? Have they forced away
“ your Wives, or robb’d you of your
“ Cattle or Sheep ? Have they wasted
“ your Fields ? No, we are just ; we
“ fear the Gods. What then would
“ you have of us ? Is it Wool to
“ make you Cloaths ? Will you have
“ the Milk of our Cows, or the
“ Fruits of our Land ? Lay down
“ your Arms ; come to us, and you
“ shall have all of them. But we swear
“ by all that is sacred, if you enter
“ our Country as Enemies, we’ll look
“ upon you as an unjust People, and
“ treat you as we would wild Beasts. ”

Their Words were receiv’d with Contempt. These Savages enter’d the Lands of the *Troglodites*, whom they took to have no other Defence than their Innocence.

But they were well prepar’d to defend themselves ; they plac’d their Wives and Children in the midst of them.
They

They were surpriz'd at the Injustice, and not at the Number of their Enemies. An unusual Warmth seiz'd their Breasts. One wou'd die for his Father; another for his Wife and Children; this for his Brethren, that for his Friends: All of them for the *Troglodite* Nation. The Post of him that expir'd, was soon fill'd by another, who, besides the common Cause, had the Death of a private Person to revenge.

Such was the Combat between Injustice and Virtue. Those base Wretches who sought only Booty, were not asham'd to fly; and they gave way to the Virtue of the *Troglodites*, even without being affected by it.

Erzeron, *the 9th of the Moon*
Gemmadi 2, 1711.

L E T T E R XIV.

Usbek to the same.

AS the *Troglodites* daily increas'd in numbers, they thought it proper for

for them to chuse a King. They agreed that they ought to confer the Crown on the man that was most just; and cast their eyes on one who was equally venerable for his Age and his Virtue. He wou'd not be present at the Assembly. He shut himself up in his House. His Heart was overcome with Heaviness.

When Deputies came to him to inform him of the Choice, “ God forbid, cries he, I shou'd do so much
“ Injury to the *Troglodites*, as to think
“ there is no Person among them
“ more just than I am. You tender
“ me the Crown, and if you insist
“ upon it, I must accept of it. But
“ assure your selves I shall die with
“ Grief for having seen the *Troglodites* born free, and now to see
“ them in Subjection. ” At these Words, he burst out into Tears;
“ Unhappy Day, cry'd he, Why did
“ I live so long ? ” He then added in a severer Tone : “ I see, O ye *Troglodites*, what it is. Your Virtue
“ begins to be too heavy for you.
“ In the Condition you at this time
are,

“ are, having no Head, you must be
 “ virtuous in spite of your selves. You
 “ cou’d not otherwise subsist, but
 “ would fall into the Miseries of your
 “ Fore-fathers. But this Yoke seems
 “ hard to you. You had rather sub-
 “ mit to a Prince, and obey his
 “ Laws, less rigorous than your Mo-
 “ rals. You know you may then satis-
 “ fy your Ambition, acquire Riches,
 “ and languish in vile Luxury; and
 “ provided you avoid committing
 “ great Crimes, you will have no
 “ need of Virtue.” He stopp’d a mo-
 ment, and his Tears flow’d faster than
 ever. “ Ah! what wou’d you have
 “ me do? How can I lay my Com-
 “ mands on a *Troglodite*? Wou’d you
 “ that he shou’d do a virtuous Acti-
 “ on because I command it? Would he
 “ not do it of himself, and from an
 “ Instinct of Nature only? Oh *Tro-*
 “ *glodites*, I’m at the end of my
 “ Days. My Blood is frozen in my
 “ Veins. I shall soon see again your
 “ pious Ancestors. Why would you
 “ have me afflict them, why wou’d
 “ you oblige me to tell them, that I

lest you under any other Yoke than that of Virtue?

Erzeron, *the 10th of the Moon*
Gemmadi 2, 1711.

LETTER XV.

Usbek to Mollack-Mehemet-Ali,
Guardian of the three Tombs at
Com.

WHY dost thou live in the Tombs, divine *Mollack*? Thou art more made for the Sojourn of the Stars. Thou hidest thy self without doubt for fear of darkning the Sun. Thou hast no Spots, like that Star; but like him, thou art hid in Clouds.

Thy Science is an Abyfs more profound than the Ocean; thy Wit more piercing than *Zufager*, that Sword of *Hali*, which had two Points. Thou know'st what passes in the nine Choirs of the Celestial Powers. Thou readest the *Alcoran*, on the Breast of our divine Prophet; and when thou findest
any

any obscure Passage, an Angel by his order expands his rapid Wings, and descends from the Throne to reveal to thee the Secret.

By thy means, I may have an intimate Correspondence with the Cherubims; for, in fine, thou thirteenth *Iman*, art not thou the Centre where Heaven and Earth meet, and the Point of Communication between the Abyfs and the Empyrean?

I'm in the middle of a profane People, suffer me to purify my self with thee, suffer me to turn my Visage towards the sacred Place which thou inhabitest. Distinguish me from the Wicked, as the white Thread at the rising of *Aurora* is distinguish'd from the black. Assist me with thy Counsels, take care of my Soul, inebriate it with the Spirit of the Prophets, feed it with the Science of Paradise, and suffer me to lay its Wounds at thy Feet. Direct thy holy Letters to me at *Erzeron*, where I shall stay some Months.

*Erzeron, the 11th of the Moon
Gemmadi 2, 1711.*

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LET-

L E T T E R XVI.

Usbek to the same.

I Cannot calm the Disorders of my Mind, divine *Mollack* : I have Doubts, and they must be satisfy'd. I find my Reason goes a-stray. Do thou bring it back into the right Path. Enlighten me, thou Source of Light. Fulminate with thy heavenly Pen, the Difficulties I am about to propose to thee. Make me pity my self; make me blush at the Question I'm going to ask.

Why is it that our Legislator forbids us the use of Swine's Flesh, and all Meats which he calls unclean? Why are we forbidden to touch a Corps, and commanded to wash our Bodies continually, in order to purify our Souls? Methinks things are not, in themselves, either pure or impure. I can't conceive any Quality inherent to the Subject, which can render them such. Dirt seems filthy to us, only because it offends our sight, or some other
other

other Sense; but is no more so in it self, than Gold or Diamonds. The Idea of Filthiness, contracted by touching a Corps, comes only from a certain natural Repugnance which we have to it. If the Bodies of such as do not wash themselves, don't offend either the Smell or the Sight; how cou'd one imagine them to be impure?

The Senses, divine *Mollack*, ought therefore to be the sole Judges of the Purity or Impurity of things. But as Objects do not affect all Men after the same manner; so that which gives an agreeable Sensation to one, may produce a distasteful one in another; from whence it follows, that the Testimony of Sense can't serve for a Rule here, unless we say that every one may decide the point according to his fancy, and distinguish, as far as it relates to himself, things pure, from such as are not so

But wou'd not this, sacred *Mollack*, overturn all the Distinctions established by our Holy Prophet, together with the fundamental Points of

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that

that Law, which was written with the Finger of an Angel?.

Erzeran, *the 20th of the Moon*
Gemmadi 2, 1711.

L E T T E R XVII.

Mehemet-Ali, *Servant of the Prophets*, to Usbek at Erzeron.

YOU always propose Questions to us that have been answered a thousand times already by our Holy Prophet. Why do not you read the Traditions of the Doctors? Why do you not go to that pure Source of all Wisdom? You wou'd there find all your Doubts resolved.

Wretch, always perplexed with the vile Things of Earth, thou hast never with a fixed look beheld those of Heaven; and thou revereſt the condition of the *Mollahs*, without daring either to embrace or follow it.

Prophane Mortals that ye are, who never dive into the Secrets of the Eternal; your Lights are no better than
the

the thick Darkness of the Abyſs; and the reasonings of your Soul are like the Duſt which your Feet kick up when the Sun is in its Meridian height in the ſcorching Month of *Chabban*.

Neither does the Zenith of your Minds riſe up even to the *Nadir* of that of the meanest of the * *Imaums*: Your vain Philoſophy is that flaſh of Lightning which is the Fore-runner of Tempeſt and Darkneſs; you are in the miſt of the Storm, and are toſt about with every Blaſt of Wind.

It is a very eaſy matter to ſolve your Difficulty: We need only relate to you what happened one day to our Holy Prophet, when being tempted by the Chriſtians, and tried by the *Jews*, he equally confounded both.

The *Jew Abdias Ibeſalon* † asked him why God had forbidden the Uſe

* *This Word is more in uſe among the Turks than among the Perſians.*

† *A Mahometan Tradition.*

of Swine's-flesh : *Not without Reason,* answered the Prophet : *it is an unclean beast, and I will convince you thereof.* He moulded the Shape of a Man with some Dirt in his Hand ; he threw it to the Ground, and cried, *Arise.* Immediately a Man arose, and said, *I am Japhet the Son of Noah.* Was thy Hair as white when thou departedst this Life, said the holy Prophet, as it is now ? *No,* replied he : *But when thou awakened'st me, I thought the Day of Judgment had been come, and the dread of that was so great upon me, that my Hair suddenly changed to white.*

Well, said the Sent of God, relate to me the whole History of *Noah's Ark.* *Japhet* obey'd, and gave a particular account of every thing that pass'd the first Months : and then proceeded as follows.

* “ We flung the ordure of all
“ the Animals to one side of the
“ Ark, which made it lean so much

* *A Mahometan Tradition.*

“ that way, that we were all in a
 “ sad Fright about it, especially our
 “ Wives, who squawled most hearti-
 “ ly. Our Father *Noah*, going to
 “ take counsel with the Lord, he
 “ commanded him to take the Ele-
 “ phant, and set him with his Head
 “ toward the side that leaned. That
 “ great Animal was so plentiful in
 “ his Evacuations, that there sprung
 “ from them a Hog.” Dost thou
 not believe, *Usbek*, that from that
 very Day we have abstained from this
 Beast, and looked upon it as Un-
 clean?

“ But as the Hog every day wal-
 “ lowed in the Dung, and stirred it
 “ about, there arose such a Stench
 “ in the Ark, that he himself cou’d
 “ not forbear sneezing; and out of
 “ his Nose fell a Rat, which went
 “ about gnawing and nibbling of eve-
 “ ry thing that came in his way:
 “ which grew so insupportable to
 “ *Noah*, that he thought it necessa-
 “ ry to consult God once more. He
 “ ordered him to give the Lion a
 “ great knock on the Forehead, who

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there-

“upon sneezed too, and from his
 “Nose leaped a Cat.” Dost thou not
 think these Animals are unclean also?
 Answer me.

When therefore thou dost not perceive the reason of the Impurity of certain things, it is because thou art ignorant of many others, and art not informed of what hath past between God, the Angels and Men. Thou knowest nothing of the History of Eternity: Thou hast not read the Books penned in Heaven: what has been revealed to thee is but a very small part of the Divine Library; and even those who, like us, are admitted something further into it in this Life, are still in Obscurity and Darkness. Adieu. *Mahomet* be in thy Heart.

Com, *the last of the Moon*
Chahban, 1711.



LET-

LETTER XVIII.

Usbek to his Friend Rustan, at
Ispahan.

WE sojourn'd but eight days at *Tocat*: after a march of five and thirty days, we are now arrived at *Smyrna*. All the way from *Tocat* to *Smyrna* we do not meet with one single Town worth notice. I beheld with amazement the weakness of the Empire of the *Osmanlins*: that huge distemper'd Body does not support itself by a mild and temperate regimen; but by violent remedies, which are incessantly corroding and exhausting its strength.

The Bashaws, who obtain their employments only by means of their money, enter upon their Provinces mere Beggars, and fall to plundering of them as if they were conquer'd Places. The insolent Soldiery is subject to nothing but his caprice: the Towns are dismantled; the Cities deserted; the Countries laid waste; the manure of
the

the Fields, and Traffic, entirely neglected.

Impunity reigns in this severe Government: the Christians, who cultivate the Lands; the *Jews*, who collect the Tributes; are exposed to a thousand violences.

The property in the Lands is uncertain, and consequently the desire of improving them slackened: no Title, no Possession will hold against the caprice of the Governor.

These *Barbarians* have so far deserted all the Arts, that they have neglected even the Art Military: while the Nations of *Europe* grow more and more knowing every day, they remain in their ancient ignorance; and seldom mind to take advantage of their new inventions, till they have been soundly drubbed by means of them a thousand times.

They have no experience at Sea, no dexterity at handling the tackle: they say, a poor handful of Christians that issue from a Rock * make all the *Otto-*

* He probably means the Knights of Malta.

mans tremble, and harrafs their whole Empire.

Uncapable of Trade themselves, they bear with regret to see the *Europeans* always laborious and enterprizing, carrying it on for them: they fancy they are mighty gracious to those strangers in allowing them to bring them Riches.

In all the vast extent of Country which I have traversed, I found only *Smyrna* that could be reckoned a rich or potent City: it is the *Europeans* that make it so; and it is no fault of the *Turks* that it is not like all the rest.

From hence, my dear *Rustan*, you may form a just notion of this Empire, which in less than two Ages will be the Stage of some Conqueror's Triumphs.

Smyrna, 2d of the Moon:

Rahmazan, 1711.



L E T

LETTER XIX.

Usbek *to Zachi his Wife, at the
Seraglio of Ispahan.*

YOU have offended me, *Zachi*; and I feel Emotions in my heart which you ought to tremble at, if my remote absence did not allow you time to change your conduct, and appease the violent jealousy with which I am tortured.

I am informed you were caught alone with *Nadir* the white Eunuch, whose life shall be accountable for his infidelity and treachery. How could you forget that it is not lawful for you to admit a white Eunuch into your chamber, while you have black ones appointed for your service? It will be in vain to tell me that Eunuchs are not Men, and that your Virtue sets you above all thoughts that might arise in you from the incompleatness of his resemblance. This is sufficient neither for you nor for me: for you, because you do a thing forbidden by
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the Laws of the Seraglio: for me, in that you rob me of my honour by exposing your self to the looks; to the looks! perhaps to the attempts of a Villain that may have polluted you by his crimes, and yet more by his repinings and the despair of his impotence.

You will perhaps alledge that you have ever been faithful to me. Was it in your power to be otherwise? How cou'd you deceive the vigilance of those black Eunuchs that are so scandaliz'd at the life you lead? How cou'd you break those Doors and Bolts with which you are secured? You boast of a Virtue which is not free: and perhaps your impure Wishes have a thousand times robbed you of the merit and value of the Fidelity you are so proud of.

I will grant you have not been guilty of All that I have reason to suspect; that the Traytor durst not touch you with his sacrilegious hands; that you refused to indulge his eyes with the delights of his Master; that, covered with your habit, you left that weak
barrier

barrier between him and you; nay that he himself, struck with a holy respect, bent his eyes to earth; and fainting in his rashness, trembled at the thoughts of the Punishments he was bringing on himself: tho' all this were true, it is no less so that you have done a thing contrary to your duty: and if you have violated that *gratis*, without compleating your disorderly wishes, what wou'd you have done to satisfy them? What wou'd you do if you cou'd get out of that Sacred Place, which seems a melancholy Prison to you, tho' to your Companions it is a happy *Asylum* against the attacks of Vice, a Holy Temple where your Sex loses its weakness, and comes to be invincible in spite of all the disadvantages of Nature? What wou'd you do if you were left to your own care, and had nothing to defend you but your Love to me which is so grievously wounded, and your Duty which you have so unworthily betray'd? How sacred are the Manners of the Country where you live, which takes care to guard you from

from

from the attempts of the vilest Slaves! You ought to return me a thousand thanks for the confinement I oblige you to live in, since to that only it is owing that you deserve to Live at all.

You cannot endure the Chief of the Eunuchs, because he always keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, and gives you prudent Counsels: his Uglinefs, you say, is so frightful that you cannot bear to look at him; as if handsome objects were proper in such a post as his. What afflicts you is the not having your white Eunuch, who dishonours you, in his room!

But what has your chief Slave done? She has told you that the familiarities you take with that young Huffy *Zelida* are not decent; there's the cause of your aversion to her!

I ought, *Zaebe*, to be a stern Judge; but instead of that I am a kind Husband, that wishes to find you innocent. The Love I have for my new wife *Roxana*, has lessened none of the tenderness I ought to have for You who are no less handsome: I share my love between ye both; and *Roxana* has no advantage

vantage over you, but the addition which Virtue gives to Beauty.

Smyrna, 11th of the Moon
Zilcade, 1712.

LETTER XX.

Usbek to the Chief of the White
Eunuchs.

YOU ought to tremble as you open this Letter, or you shou'd rather have trembled when you allowed of the treachery of *Nadir*: You that in a cold languishing old Age may not without guilt lift your eyes upon the dreadful objects of my love; you who are never allowed to set a sacrilegious foot over the threshold of the tremendous place which shuts them up from all human eyes; you suffer those whose government you are intrusted with, to do what you durst not presume to do your self; not discerning the thunder which is just ready to fall upon them and you.

And

And what are you but wretched tools which I can break at pleasure; who exist but just as long as you obey; who were born only to live under my Laws, or to die at my nod; who breathe no longer than my happiness, my love, or even my jealousy have occasion for such wretches; in short who have no choice but duty; no Soul but my Will; no Hope, but my Pleasure?

I know that some of my Wives are impatient under the severe laws of their duty; the continual presence of a black Eunuch grows irksome to them; they are weary of those hideous objects which are given them to restrain all their thoughts to their Husbands: I know all this of Them; but You, who are accomplices in these irregularities, You shall be so punished as to strike a terror into all that dare abuse my confidence.

I swear by all the Prophets in Heaven, and by *Hali* the greatest of them all, that if you are negligent of your Duty, I will account your lives but as the lives of those insects.

insects which I tread out under my feet.

Smyrna, the 12th of the Moon
Zilcade, 1712.

LETTER XXI.

Usbek to his Friend Ibben, at
Smyrna.

WE are now arrived at *Leghorn* after 40 days Sail. It is a new Town, a standing mark of the great Genius of the Dukes of *Tuscany*, who of a marshy Village have made the most flourishing City in *Italy*.

The Women here enjoy very great liberties: they may see the Men thro' certain Windows which are called *jealousies*: they may go abroad every day guarded only by an old Woman or two: they wear but one Veil *: their Brothers-in-law, their Uncles, their Nephews may visit them, and the Husband is seldom offended at it.

* The Persian Women wear four.

It is a strange sight to a *Mahometan* when he first takes a view of a Christian City. I do not speak of things that at first strike all Beholders, such as the difference of Buildings, of Habits, of the chief Customs: there is in the least trifles something singular, which I feel but cannot express.

To morrow *Rica* and I depart for *Marseilles*; our abode there will not be long: our design is to go directly to *Paris*, which is the Seat of the Empire of *Europe*. Travellers always love great Cities, which are a sort of common Country for all Strangers. Farewel; be assured I shall always love thee.

Leghorn, 12th of the Moon
Saphir, 1712.

LETTER XXII.

Rica to Ibben, at Smyrna.

WE have been this Month at *Paris*, and have hardly been out of motion

motion an hour : it is no small hurry a Man must be in before he can get a Lodging, find all the People he has directions to, and provide himself with all the Necessaries which he must have about him immediately.

Paris is as large as *Ispahan* : the Houses are so high that you wou'd swear they were all built for Astrologers. Thou wilt easily judge that a City built in the Air, and that has six or seven Houses one at the top of the other, must be extremely populous, and that when all the Folks are come down into the Street, there must be a blessed crowd and hurry.

Thou wilt hardly believe it ; for this Month that I have been here, I have not yet seen any Body walk : there is no People under the Sun that get so much work out of their Machine as the *French* : they run ; they fly : the slow Carriages of *Asia*, the regular step of our Camels, wou'd lay them to Sleep. As for me, who am not used to this Sport, and who often go on foot my old pace, I am sometimes made as mad as a Christian : for not to insist upon my being all
splashed

splashed from head to foot, I can never forgive the Punches of Elbows which I receive regularly and periodically: one Man that comes behind me and out-walks me, gives me a whisk half round, and another that crosses me on t'other side, twirls me again in a moment into my right place again; so that in a hundred paces I am more battered and bruised than if I had walked thirty mile.

Do not imagine I can as yet give thee any thorow Description of the Manners and Customs of these *Euro-peans*: I have but a slight notion of them my self, having yet had but just time to Wonder.

The King of *France* is the most potent Prince in *Europe*: he has no Gold-Mines like his Neighbour the King of *Spain*; but he has more Wealth than him, as he raises it out of the Vanity of his Subjects, which is more inexhaustible than any Mine: he has undertaken and maintained great Wars upon no other Fund but the Sale of Titles of Honour: and by a Prodigy
of

of human Pride, his Troops were paid, his Places fortified, and his Fleets equipped.

Besides, this Prince is a great Magician: he exercises dominion even over the Minds of his Subjects: he makes them think just as he wou'd have them: If he has but one million of Crowns in his Treasury, and stands in need of two, he only bids them believe that one Crown is Two, and they believe it. If he has a difficult War to support, and has no Money at all, he only puts it into their heads that Paper is Money, and they are presently convinced that it is so: nay he often makes them believe, that he cures them of all Distempers by *Touching* them, so great is the Influence and Power which he has over their Minds!

What I tell thee of this Prince need not surprize thee: there is another Magician stronger than him, who is master of his mind no less than he is of the minds of the others. This Magician is called the *Pope*: Sometimes

times he makes him believe that
* *Three are but One*; that the Bread
he eats is not Bread, or that the Wine
he drinks is not Wine, and a thousand
strange things of that nature.

And to keep him always in breath,
and for fear he shou'd lose his Fa-
culty of Believing; he from time to
time gives him certain Articles of
Faith to exercise himself upon. About
two Years ago he sent him a long
Scroll which he called *Constitution*;
and wou'd needs oblige this Prince
and all his Subjects to believe every
thing therein contained, upon heavy
Penalties. The Prince he prevailed
upon; he swallowed it at once, and
set his Subjects an example: but some
of them proved resty, and declared
they would believe nothing at all of

* *Those Words in Italic are left out of the new
Dutch Edition, for reflecting, I suppose, on the
Christian Belief of the Trinity. But I can't see
any great Occasion there was for taking offence at
what is put into the Mouth of a supposed Maho-
metan, a profest Enemy to Christian Doctrine in
almost all its Parts.*

what was contained in that same Scroll : the Women were the Mothers of this Rebellion, which divides all the Court, the whole Kingdom and every Family. This Constitution forbids their Sex the reading of a Book, which all the Christians say was brought down from Heaven : properly speaking, it is their *Alcoran*. The Women, provoked at the Affront done to their Sex in this Order, set up their Throats one and all against the *Constitution* : they got the Men on their side, who are not very zealous for any particular Privilege in this respect. And yet we must confess this *Musti* does not reason amiss ; and, by the Great *Hali*, I believe he is instructed in the Principles of our holy Law : for since the Women are of a Creation inferior to ours, and our Prophets tell us they shall not enter into Paradise, why shou'd they trouble their heads about reading a Book which was wrote only to shew the Way to that Place of Happiness ?

I have heard some things related of this King which sound miraculous ;
and

and I doubt not but thou wilt be very backward to believe them.

They say, that while he was making war with his Neighbours, who were all in league against him, he had an infinite number of * invifible Enemies about him in the very Heart of his own Kingdom: They add, that he fought them out for above thirty Years, and that yet notwithstanding the indefatigable Pains of some Der-vifes who have his ear, he cou'd never find fo much as one of them; they live with him; they are at his Court, in his Capital, in his Troops, in his Tribunals: and yet they fay he will have the Vexation to die without dif-covering them: one wou'd think they exift in general, but are no longer any thing in particular; a Body but no Members. Doubtless Heaven intends to punifh this Prince for not

* *The Author means Flatterers, I fuppofe. No Monarch ever loved Flattery more than Louis XIV. Accordingly he had enough of that Sort of Incense offer'd him from all Quarters.*

having been moderate enough towards the Enemies he conquered, by raising up invisable ones against him, whose Genius and Destiny are above his own.

I shall continue to write to thee, and shall inform thee of things quite foreign to the *Persian* Character and way of thinking: It is indeed the same Earth we tread upon; but the Men of the Country where I live, and those of the Country where thou art, are Men of a quite different Mould.

Paris, *the 4th of the Moon*

Rebiab 2, 1712.

LETTER XXIII.

Usbek *to* Ibben, *at* Smyrna.

I Have received a Letter from thy Nephew *Rhedi*: he sends me word he is leaving *Smyrna*, with design to visit *Italy*; and that the sole bent of his Voyage is to gather Instruction, and thereby make himself more worthy
thy

thy of thee; I congratulate thee upon having a Nephew who shall in time be the Comfort of thy Old Age.

Rica writes thee a long Letter; he tells me that he sends thee a full account of this Country: his lively Genius catches every thing immediately: as for me, who think more slowly, I can yet say little to thee about it.

Thou art the Subject of our most tender Conversations: We are never weary of recalling to mind the handsome Reception thou gavest us at *Smyrna*, and the Services thy Friendship is continually doing for us. Generous *Ibben*, may'st thou always meet with Friends as full of Gratitude and Fidelity as we are!

Heaven grant that I may quickly see thee again, and enjoy once more those happy Days which slide away so pleasantly between two Friends! Adieu.

Paris, the 4th of the Moon

Rebiab 2, 1712.

E 3

L E T.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Usbek to Roxana, at the Seraglio
of Ispahan.

HOW happy are you, *Roxana*, in being in the sweet Country of *Persia*, and not in these poisonous Climates, where Modesty and Virtue are unknown! How happy are You! You live in my Seraglio as in the Habitation of Innocence, safe from the Attempts of all Mankind: with Pleasure you reflect that it is out of your Power to go astray: Never did Man pollute you with his wanton Looks: Your Father-in-law himself, even in the Liberty of Festivals, never saw your charming Mouth: You never fail'd to put on a holy Covering to hide it. Happy *Roxana*! Whenever you went into the Country, you always have had Eunuchs to march before you, and give Death to those rash Mortals that did not fly your Sight: Even I my self. on whom Heaven bestowed you to make me happy, how much

much Pains did it cost me to make my self master of that Treasure which you guarded with so much Constancy! What Torment was it to me in the first days of our Marriage not to see you! What Impatience, when I had seen you! yet you wou'd not satisfy it; nay, you enflamed it by obstinate Refusals of frightened Virtue: You made no difference between me and those Men from whom you always hide yourself. Do you remember that Day when I lost you among your Slaves, who concealed you from my strict Inquiry? Do you call to mind that other, when finding your Tears of no effect, you employ'd your Mother's Authority to restrain the Fury of my Love? Do you remember, when all other Helps failed you, the Assistance you borrow'd from your Courage? You drew your Poignard, and threatened to sacrifice a Husband that loved you, if he continued to exact from you what you valued above your Husband himself! Two Months past in this Struggle between Love and Virtue: You carried your chaste

Scruples too far : you did not yield even when you were conquered : you defended an expiring Virginity to the utmost Extremity : you looked upon me as an Enemy, that had done you an Injury, and not as an Husband that had been fond of you : it was above three Months before you could look at me without blushing : your perpetual Confusion seemed to upbraid me with the Advantage I had taken ; nor was my Possession quiet : you robbed me of as many of those Charms and Beauties as ever you cou'd ; and I was intoxicated with the greatest Favours before I had obtained the least.

If you had been educated in this Country, you wou'd not have been under so much Confusion : the Women here have lost all Shame : they appear before the Men with their Faces uncovered, as if they challenged them to their Defeat : they meet their Eyes : they see them in their Mosques, their publick Walks, and even in their own Apartments ; the Custom of being attended by Eunuchs is unknown

known to them : instead of that noble Simplicity, and lovely Bashfulness which reigns among us, we here see a brutish Impudence which it is impossible to accustom one's self to.

Yes, *Roxana*, if you were here, you wou'd be perfectly enraged with the horrid Shamelessness your Sex is fallen into : you wou'd fly the abominable Place, and pant after that sweet Retirement where you find nothing but Innocence ; where you are sure of your self ; where no Danger alarms you ; in a word, where you can love me ; without fearing that you shall ever depart from the Love you owe me.

When you heighten the Loveliness of your Complexion with the finest Colours ; when you perfume your whole Body with the most precious Essences ; when you deck your self with your richest Ornaments ; when you strive to distinguish your self above your Companions by the Gracefulness of the Dance, or Melody of Voice ; when you enter into a gentle Contention with them for Superiority

E 5

of

of Beauty, Good-humour and Gaiety, I cannot imagine you have any other End but to please me; and when I see you blush modestly, when your Eye looks for mine, when you insinuate your self into my Heart with soft alluring Words, I cannot doubt, *Roxana*, of the Truth of your Love.

But what shall we say of the *European* Women? The Art they use to beautify their Complexions, the Ornaments they deck themselves with, the Care they take of their Persons, their continual Desire of Pleasing, are so many Blemishes in their Virtue and Wrongs to their Husband.

Not, *Roxana*, that I believe they carry their Immodesty so far, as such Conduct might make one imagine; or that they proceed to that horrible Excess of Debauchery dreadful to name, an absolute Violation of the Conjugal Faith: there are very few Women so abandon'd as to carry their Guilt to that height: they all wear in their Hearts an Impression of Virtue originally stamp'd upon them by
their

their Birth, which Education may a little deface, but never wholly obliterate: they may excuse themselves from the exterior Duties which Modesty requires; but when it comes to the last push, Nature starts back. So when we lock you up so cautiously; when we keep you under the Guard of so many Slaves; when we check your Desires from flying out too far: it is not that we apprehend the least Infidelity from you: but it is because we know your Purity cannot be too great, and that the least Stain pollutes it.

I pity you, *Roxana*: your Chastity so long proved, deserved a Husband that shou'd never have left you, and that might himself have quelled those Desires which your Virtue alone can subdue.

Paris, the 7th of the Moon
Regeb, 1712.



L E T-

LETTER XXV.

Usbek to Neffir, at Ispahan.

WE are now at *Paris*, the proud
Rival of the City of the Sun *.

When I departed from *Smyrna*, I desired my Friend *Ibben* to send thee a Box wherein were some Presents for thee: thou wilt receive this Letter by the same Conveyance. Tho' at so remote a distance from him as five or six hundred Leagues, I write to him and hear from him as easily as if He were at *Ispahan* and I at *Com*. I send my Letters to *Marseilles*; from whence Ships are continually going to *Smyrna*: from thence he sends those that are directed for *Persia* by the *Armenian Caravans*, which set out daily for *Ispahan*.

Rica enjoys a perfect State of Health: the Strength of his Constitution, his Youth, and his natural Gaiety secure him against all Dangers.

For my part, I am not so well; both my Body and Mind are dejected;

* *Ispahan*.

I give my self up to Reflections that grow every day more and more melancholy : my decaying Health turns me towards my Country, and makes these Regions yet more foreign to me.

But, my dear *Nessir*, I conjure thee let not my Wives be made acquainted with my Condition ; if they love me, I wou'd spare their Tears ; and if they do not, I wou'd not add to their Boldness.

If my Eunuchs thought me in danger, if they cou'd any ways hope for an Impunity for their base Complaisance, they wou'd quickly cease to be deaf to the flattering Voice of that deceitful Sex, which melts the Rocks, and works upon things inanimate.

Adieu, *Nessir*. I take pleasure in giving thee proofs of my Confidence.

Paris, the 5th of the Moon
Chahban, 1712.



LET-

LETTER XXVI.

Rica to * * *

I Yesterday saw a very odd thing, tho' it is done every Day at *Paris*.

About Evening all the People get together to go and act a kind of Mimickry, which I heard them call a Play: the chief part of the Performance is upon a Scaffold, which they call the Stage: on both sides of it are little Nests which they call Boxes, where Men and Women act silent Scenes together, almost like those which we have in *Persia*.

Sometimes you see an amorous Lady that looks languishing upon account of her neglected Passion: then another with sparkling Eyes, and an eager Look, perfectly devours her Lover with her Regards, which he returns as ardently: all the Passions are painted in their Faces, and expressed with an Eloquence which is the more lively for being dumb. † There * the Actresses

† *In the Boxes.** *The Female Spectators.*

shew

show but half their Bodies, and generally wear a Muff out of Modesty to conceal their Arms. † Underneath is a great company of People standing, who laugh at those who are aloft upon the Stage, and these latter laugh at those below in their turn.

But those that take most pains are some young Folks, who are in a continual Exercise: they are obliged to be every where; they go by Passages, which none but themselves are acquainted with; * they run up with amazing Activity from Story to Story: they are above, below, in all the Boxes; they in a manner dive; you lose sight of them; in a Moment, whip, there they are again: oftentimes they quit the place of the Scene and go act in another: there are others of them, who, tho' they use a small Crutch, walk and go about like the rest. At last you come to some Rooms where they play a private

† *In the Pit the Spectators all stand, there being no Seats as in our Play-house Pits.*

* *I suppose he means the petits maitres.*

Comedy: they begin with low Bows; they proceed to Embraces: they say the slightest Acquaintance gives one Man a title to squeeze another's Breath out of his Body: the Place seems to inspire **T**enderness: and indeed they say the Princesses that reign there are not cruel; and excepting two or three Hours in a Day, in which they are stern enough, they are very tractable at all other times, and the other is a kind of Drunkenness which they are easily cured of.

All that I have been giving thee an account of, is transacted much after the same manner in another Place called the *Opera-house*: the whole Difference is, that in one they Sing, and Speak in the other. One of my Friends carried me t'other day into the Place where one of the chief Actresses was undressing: we grew so well acquainted, that next day I received the following Letter from her.

S I R,

I am the most unhappy Woman upon the face of the Earth. I was always the most

most virtuous Actress in the whole Opera: About seven or eight Months ago I was in the tiring Room where you saw me yesterday: as I was dressing my self for a Priestess of Diana, a young Abbé came in, and without respect to my white Habit, my Veil, or my Frontlet, robb'd me of my Innocence: in vain I now exaggerate the Sacrifice I made to him; he only laughs at me, and avers he had to do only with a very prophane Woman: meanwhile I am so big that I dare not come upon the Stage any more; for I have a most inconceivable Delicacy in point of Honour, and will affirm that a Woman who has any sense of Reputation will much sooner part with her Virtue than her Modesty: with this Delicacy of mine you may be sure the young Abbé would never have succeeded, if he had not promised me Marriage: a Motive so honourable made me dispense with the little common Formalities, and begin where I ought to have ended: but since his Treachery has dishonoured me, I am resolved to live no longer at the Opera, where, between you and I, they hardly give me enough to live upon; for now that I advance in
Years,

Years, and go backward in Beauty, my Salary, tho' still the same, seems to lessen every day. I was informed by one of your Attendants, that they infinitely esteem a good Dancer in your Country, and that if I were at Ispahan, my Fortune wou'd be made out of hand. If you wou'd grant me your Protection, and carry me with you into that Country, you wou'd do a piece of service to a Woman, who by her Virtue and good conduct wou'd not appear unworthy your Goodness. I am, &c.

*Paris, 12th of the Moon
Chalval, 1712.*

LETTER XXVII.

Rica to Ibben, at Smyrna.

THE Pope is the Head of the Christians: this is an old Idol, whom they worship upon Prescription. He was anciently formidable even to Princes themselves; for he deposed them as easily, as our magnificent Sultans depose the Kings of *Irimetta* and

and *Georgia* : but no body fears him now. He calls himself the Successor of one of the first Christians, named *St. Peter* : and it was certainly a very rich Succession which he left him ; for he is Master of immense Treasure, and has a very great Country under his Dominion.

The Bishops are Men of the Law, who are subordinate to him, and have two very different Functions under his Authority. When they are assembled together, they make Articles of Faith as well as himself : When they are separate, they have nothing to do but to give People Dispensations from obeying the Law. For thou must know, the Christian Religion is encumbered with a vast many very difficult Practices ; and as it was not thought half so easie to fulfill those Duties, as to have Bishops that shou'd give Permission to let them alone ; they chose this latter course for the Public Benefit. So that if they do not care for keeping the * *Rhama-zan* ; if they have no stomach for the

* *Lent.*

formalities

formalities of Marriage; if they wou'd break a Vow; if they marry contrary to the regulations of the Law; nay, sometimes, if they have a fancy not to keep an Oath, or so, they go to the Bishop, or the Pope, who immediately grants them a Dispensation.

The Bishops do not make Articles of Faith of their own mere Motion: there is an infinite number of Doctors, most of them Dervises, who start a thousand new Questions in Religion among themselves: they are left to dispute a long while with one another; and the War holds till a Decision comes and puts an end to it.

And accordingly I can assure thee there never was a Kingdom that had so many Civil Wars in it, as that of Christ.

Those who publish any new Proposition, are at first called Heretics. Every Heresy has its Name, which is a sort of a Nick-name for all concerned in it: but any of them may chuse whether they will be Heretics or no: for it is but dividing the Difference in the middle, and giving those that ac-
cuse

cuse them of Hereſy a Diſtinction; and let this Diſtinction be what it will, Intelligible, or not Intelligible, it makes a Man as white as Snow, and he may call himſelf Orthodox.

This that I tell you falls out well for *France* and *Germany*; for I have heard that in *Spain* and *Italy*, there is a ſet of Derviſes that won't be jeſted with, but will burn a Man as they wou'd burn Straw. When any Man falls into the Hands of thoſe Folks, happy is his Lot if he has always ſaid his Prayers with little wooden Beads in his Hand; or has always carried about him two pieces of Cloth tied to two Ribbons; or has ever been in a Province called *Gallicia*: without theſe things the poor Dog is in a pitiful caſe: if he Swears like any Pagan, that he is an Orthodox Chriſtian, 'tis ten to one they don't agree upon the Terms; but Burn him for a Heretic: in vain he offers his Diſtinction: they won't trouble their Heads about Diſtinctions: and he is Aſhes before they will ever Examine whether there is any thing in it or no.

Other

Other Judges usually presume the Person accused to be Innocent: these always take it for granted, that he is Guilty: and whenever there is any Doubt in the Case, they lay it down to themselves for a Rule to incline to Severity: probably this may arise from the ill opinion they have of Mankind; but on the other hand, they have so good a one of them, that they never think them capable of telling a Lye; for they will receive the Evidence of mortal Enemies, Women of bad Repute, and Fellows of an infamous Profession. In their Sentence, they pay a small Compliment to those whom they dress in a Fiery Shirt; they tell them they are very sorry to see them in such a scurvy Dress; that for their Parts they are Merciful, and abhor Blood, and are grieved at Heart that they have Condemned them: but to comfort themselves, poor Men, they Confiscate all the Effects of the miserable Wretches, to their own Coffers.

Happy the Land which is inhabited by the Children of the Prophets: these mournful Spectacles are there
un-

unknown*: the Holy Religion brought down to them by Angels, defends it self by the mere force of Truth, and has no need of these violent Methods for its Support.

Paris, the 12th of the Moon
Chalval, 1712.

LETTER XXVIII.

Rica to the same, at Smyrna.

THE Inhabitants of *Paris* have a Spirit of Curiosity in them, that is perfectly extravagant. When I arrived here, I was stared at as if I had drop'd from Heaven: old and young, Men, Women and Children, all must have a sight of me: if I went abroad, every Body got to their Windows: if I walk'd in the *Tuilleries*, immediately a Circle was form'd round me: the Women made a Rainbow about me, varied with a thousand Colours. If I

* The Persians are of the most Tolerating Spirit of any of the Mahometans.

went to the public Shows, presently a hundred Spying-glasses were levell'd at my strange Figure: in short, never was Man so much seen as I was. I sometimes smiled to hear People that had hardly ever stirred out of their Chamber, whisper to one another; It must be confessed, his Air is truly *Persian*. And, which is most wonderful, I found Pictures of me wherever I went. I saw my self multiplied in every Shop, upon every Chimney; so fearful were they that they shou'd not see me enough.

Yet all these Honours are but burthenfome. I did not imagine my self to be any thing so Curious, or so Extraordinary: and tho' I have a very good Opinion of my self, I never dreamt I shou'd have disturbed the Peace of a great City where no body knew me. This made me resolve to lay aside my *Persian* Habit, and put on an *European* Dress, to find whether any thing so admirable would remain in my Countenance. This Tryal brought me to a true Knowledge of my self: when stript of my foreign Ornaments,
I

I saw my self prized at my true rate:
I had great reason to be angry with
my Tailor for making me lose, in a
Moment, all the public Esteem and
Consideration: for I at once sunk in-
to a most terrible Nothingness: I
sometimes sat an Hour together in
Company, without being lookt at, or
having occasion given me to open my
Mouth: but if any Body by chance
dropt a Word that I was a *Persian*,
in an Instant there was a Buz about
my Ears: Ha, ha! the Gentleman a
Persian! Strange! That any Body
shou'd be a *Persian*!

Paris, *the 6th of the Moon*
Chalval, 1712.

LETTER XXIX.

Rhedi to Usbek, at Paris.

I Am now at *Venice*, my dear *Usbek*;
one may have seen all the Cities in
the World, and yet be surprized at
the sight of *Venice*: it will always be
Vol. I. F matter

matter of wonder to see a great Town, lofty Spires, and Mosques rising out of the Water, and to find a People without number in a Place where one wou'd expect nothing but Fishes.

But this profane City is destitute of the most precious Treasure in the World; I mean, fresh running Water; it is impossible here to accomplish one single legal Ablution. This City is held in Abomination by our Holy Prophet; and he never looks down upon it from his lofty Seat in Heaven without Rage.

Were it not for this, my Dear *Usbek*, I should be charmed to live in a City where my Mind improves every Day: I inform my self in the Secrets of Trade, in the Interests of Princes, in the Form of their Government: I do not neglect even the *European* Superstitions; I apply my self to Physic, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy: I study the Arts: in a Word, I wade out of the Clouds, which darkened my Sight in the Country of my Birth.

Venice, 16th of the Moon
Chalval, 1712.

L E T-

— L E T T E R XXX.

Rica to * * *

I Went t'other Day to see a * House where about three hundred People are maintained, poorly enough: I had soon satisfied my Curiosity; for neither the Church, nor the Buildings, deserve much Notice. The poor Folks in this House were wondrous merry: several of them were playing at Cards, or other Games, which I knew nothing of. As I went out, one of the Men was going out too, and hearing me ask which was the way to the *Marais*, which is the furthest part of all *Paris*; I am going thither, says he, and will conduct you: follow me. He led me to my Heart's content, extricated me out of all Crowds, and saved me dextrously from Carts and Coaches: we were just come to the end of our Journey, when being curious to know what my Guide was: My good Friend, said I to him, may not I know who

* *The Hospital of Quinze Vingts.*

F 2

you

you are? I am a Blind Man, Sir, answered he. What, said I, Blind? And why did not you desire the honest Man that was playing at Cards with you, to be our Guide? He is Blind too, replied he: for these four hundred Years there have been three hundred Blind Folks of us in that House where you found me: but I must leave you; this is the Street you enquired for: I must mix with the Crowd, and enter into that Church, where I dare swear I shall hinder other People more than they will Me.

Paris, *the 17th of the Moon*
Chalval, 1712.

LETTER XXXI.

Usbek *to Rhedi, at Venice.*

WINE is so dear at *Paris*, by reason of the Duties it is charg'd with, that one wou'd think the Design was to make the People obey the Precept of the Divine Alcoran, which forbids the Use of it.

When

When I Meditate upon the fatal Effects of this Liquor, I cannot help looking upon it as the most dreadful Present that ever Nature made to Man. If any thing ever stained the Lives and Reputations of our Monarchs, it was their Intemperance: it is the most envenomed Spring of all their Injustice and Cruelty. I will speak it to the Shame of Mankind: the Law forbids Our Princes the use of Wine, and they drink it to an Excess that degrades them even from their Humanity. On the contrary, the Christian Princes are allowed it, and it is never observed to lead them into any Irregularities. The Mind of Man is made up of Contradictions: in the Licentiousness of a Debauch they rebel against all Precepts with a kind of Fury; and the Law, designed to make us Just, often serves only to make us more Criminal.

But when I disapprove the Use of this Liquor, which deprives Man of his Reason; I do not in like Manner condemn those Beverages which cheer and comfort it. It is the Wisdom of the Orientals to seek Remedies against

Melancholy as much as against the most dangerous Distempers. When any Misfortune befalls an *European*, he has no other Refuge but to read a Philosopher call'd *Seneca*: but the *Asiatics*, much more Prudent, and in this particular better Naturalists, use a Drink capable of making the Heart of Man glad,* and charming away the Remembrance of his Afflictions.

Nothing can be more gloomy than the Consolations drawn from the necessity of Evil, the ineffectualness of Remedies, the irreversibleness of Fate, the Decrees of Providence, and the wretchedness of the State of Man: it is ridiculous to go about to soften the Misfortune by the Consideration that Man is Born to Misery: it is much better to lift the Mind out of its Reflexions, and to manage the Man rather as a Creature endued with Sensation than with Reason.

The Soul while united with the Body is continually tyrannized over by it: if the Motion of the Blood is

* May he not mean Opium?

too slow; if the Spirits are not enough Purified; if they are not in sufficient Quantity, we fall into Dejection and Sorrow: but if we take some Beverage capable of altering this disposition of the Body; our Soul again becomes capable of receiving gay Impressions, and takes a secret Delight in perceiving its Machine resume, as it were, fresh Life and Motion.

Paris, the 25th of the Moon
Zilcade, 1713.

LETTER XXXII.

Rica to Ibben, at Smyrna.

THE Women of *Persia* are finer Women than those of *France*; but those of *France* are prettier: it is impossible not to Love the former, and not to be Delighted with the latter: the first have more of Tenderness and Modesty, the second more of Gayety and Sprightliness.

What makes the Blood so rich and florid in *Persia*, is the regular Life the Women lead; they neither Game, nor

fit up a-nights; they drink no Wine, and never are expos'd to the Weather: I must confess, the Seraglio is calculated rather for Health than Pleasure: it is a flat, uniform, still Life, without any Spirit in it to quicken it; every thing there favours of Subordination and Duty; Delight itself is there grave, and Mirth severe, and are hardly ever tasted otherwise than as Tokens of Authority and Dependance.

Neither have the Men in *Persia* the same Gayety as the *French* have: they discover none of that Freedom of Mind, that satisfied Air, which I here find in all Degrees and Conditions of Life.

It is much worse in *Turkey*. There you may find Families wherein from Father to Son no one has laugh'd since the Foundation of the Monarchy.

This Gravity of the *Asiatics* proceeds from the little Conversation they have with each other: they never see one another, but when forc'd to it by some Ceremony: Friendship, that pleasing Engagement of the Heart, which here makes up the Sweetness of Life,

Life, is to them almost unknown; they retire into their Houses, where they always find a certain Company that waits for them; so that every individual Family stands, as it were, an Island by it self.

Discourfing one Day upon this Subject with a Man of this Country, fays he to me: What I think moft amifs in your Manners, is your being obliged to Live as you do with Slaves, whose Minds and Inclinations always have a relifh of the Meanness of their Condition. Thefe rascally fort of People weaken in you the Sentiments of Virtue which you derive from Nature, and hinder their Growth from your very Infancy that they befet you: for in fine, fhake but off your Prejudices, and what can you expect from an Education, that is received from the Hands of a Wretch, who places his whole Merit in being Gaoler to another Man's Wives, and is proud of the vileft Employment that Mankind is capable of? who is defpicable for that very Fidelity which is his only Virtue; being prompted thereto by Envy,
F 5 Jealoufy,

Jealousy, and Despair; who, burning with Desire to revenge himself of both Sexes, being the Out-cast of both, is content to be tyranniz'd over by the strongest, provided that he may but afflict the weakest; who, deriving from his Imperfection, from his Uglinefs and Deformity, the whole Lustre of his Condition, is only esteem'd because he is unworthy to be so; who, in short, rivetted for ever to the Gate where his Station is, and harder than the very Hinges and Bolts that fasten it, values himself upon a fifty Years Exercise of that scandalous Office, where, taking charge of his Master's Jealousy, he lets loose his utmost Barbarity.

Paris, *the 14th of the Moon*
Zilhage, 1713.

LETTER XXXIII.

Usbek *to Gemchid his Cousin: A*
Dervise of the shining Monastery
of Tauris.

WHAT thinkest thou of the
Christians, sublime Dervise?
Believest

Believest thou that at the Day of Judgment they shall be like the Infidel *Turks*, who shall serve the *Jews* for Asses, and shall be rid by 'em a good round Trot to Hell? I am well assur'd they shall not go to the Abode of the Prophets; and that the Great *Haly* was not sent for their Sakes. But because they have not been so happy as to find Mosques in their Country, dost thou think that they will be Condemn'd to Eternal Punishments, and that God will chastise them for not practising a Religion which he did not make known to them? I tell thee I have often examin'd these Christians; I have questioned them, to see if they had any Notion of the Great *Haly* who was the fairest of Men, and I have found that they never so much as heard of him.

They do not in the least resemble those Infidels, whom our Holy Prophets put to the Sword, because they refused to believe in the Miracles of Heaven: they are rather like those unhappy ones who dwelt in the thick Darkness of Idolatry, before the Divine
Light

Light shone forth on the Countenance of our Great Prophet.

Again; if you sift narrowly into their Religion, you will find a sprinkling of Our Doctrines. I have often admired the Secret ways of Providence, who seems thereby inclin'd to prepare them for the general Conversion. I have heard talk of a Book written by one of their Doctors, entitled *Polygamy Triumphant*, wherein it is proved that the Christians are enjoined Polygamy. Their Baptism is an Image of our legal Ablutions, and the Christians are only mistaken in the Efficacy they ascribe to that first Ablution, which they believe ought to suffice for all the rest. Their Priests and their Monks Pray as we do seven times a Day: they hope to enjoy a Paradise, where they shall taste a thousand Delights, by means of the Resurrection of Bodies: they have like us, set Fasts, and Mortifications with which they hope to work upon the Divine Mercy: they worship good Angels, and are afraid of bad ones; they have a Holy Credulity for Miracles, which
God

God works by the Miniſtry of his Servants: they own, as We do, the Inſufficiency of their own Merits, and that they ſtand in need of an Interceſſor with God. Tho' I don't find *Mahomet* among them, I every where meet with *Mahometiſm*. Do all we can, Truth will prevail, and break thro' the Cloud that ſurrounds her. A Day will come when the Eternal will ſee nothing upon the Earth but true Believers. Time, which conſumes every thing, will even deſtroy Error it ſelf. All Men will with Aſtoniſhment behold themſelves under the ſame Banner. Every thing will be at an end, not excepting the Law it ſelf. The divine Books will be taken up from Earth, and conveyed among the Celeſtial Archives.

Paris, the 20th of the Moon
Zilhage, 1713.



L E T-

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice.

Coffee is very much in use at *Paris*: There are multitudes of Publick-Houses where they distribute it. In some of these Houses they talk News, in others they play at Draughts: there's one of them where the Coffee is prepar'd in such a manner as to infuse Wit into those that drink it; at least there is not one but believes he has four times more Wit, when he goes out, than when he came in.

But what I can't approve of is, that these Wits are of no manner of Use to their Country, and do nothing but amuse their Talents upon boyish Subjects: for example, when first I came to *Paris*, I found them very hot upon one of the slenderest Subjects that could be imagin'd; it was concerning the Reputation of an old *Greek* Poet, the Place of whose Birth, as well as the Time of his Death, has been unknown for above two thousand Years.

Both

Both Parties own'd that he was an excellent Poet: the only Question was, whether he had more or less Merit ascribed to him than he deserved. Each was for settling the Rates; but amongst these Assizers of Reputation, some made better Weight than the others; the Dispute was very sharp; they so cordially abus'd each other, and were so very bitter in their Railery, that I no less wonder'd at the Manner of their Disputing than at the Matter of the Dispute. If any one, said I to my self, were so fool-hardy in the Presence of one of these Defenders of the *Greek* Poets, to fall foul on the Reputation of some honest Citizen, how would he be reprimanded! sure this nice Zeal for the Reputation of the Dead would be hot indeed for that of the Living! Be that as it will, added I, God keep me from ever bringing upon my Head the Enmity of the Censors of this Poet; who, tho' he has been in his Grave these two thousand Years, can't yet escape so implacable an Hatred! They do but beat the Air now: what would they do,

do, were they animated by the Presence of an Enemy?

These I have been speaking of dispute in the vulgar Tongue, and are to be distinguished from another sort of Disputants, who make use of a barbarous Language, which seems to add something to the Rage and Obstinacy of the Combatants. There are certain Parts of the Town where this sort of People are at it, helter skelter, night and day; they feed upon Distinctions; they subsist upon Obscure Reasonings and False Consequences: This Trade, which one would think would hardly find a Man in Bread, does not fail to turn to account: There has been seen a † whole Nation, expell'd out of their own Country, cross the Seas to come and settle in *France*, bringing nothing along with them to ward off the Ne-

† I suppose the Author means that vast Number of learned Men, who fled out of Greece upon the Turks taking Constantinople, about 300 Years ago, and came into Italy and France, where they had Pensions and Stipends settled on them, as Professors, &c.

cessities of Life, but a formidable Talent for Disputation. Adieu.

Paris, *the last of the Moon*
Zilhage, 1713.

L E T T E R XXXV.

Usbek *to* Ibben, *at* Smyrna.

THE King of *France* is old: we have not in Our Histories one Example of a *Persian* Monarch that has reign'd near so long. He is said to possess to a very high degree the Talent of causing himself to be obey'd: he governs with the same Genius his Family, his Court, his Kingdom: He has been often heard to say, that of all the Governments in the World, that of the *Turks*, or that of our august Sultan, would please him best; so great a Value does he set upon the Oriental Politicks.

I have studied his Character, and have found therein Contradictions which it is impossible for me to reconcile:

cile: for Example, he has a Minister not above eighteen Years old; and a Mistress that is turn'd of fourscore: He doats on his Religion, and yet can't endure such as assert that it ought to be rigidly practised: Tho' he shuns the Tumult of Cities, and communicates himself but little, yet he is taken up from Morning till Night upon Means how he may give occasion to be talk'd of: he loves Trophies and Victories; but is as fearful of seeing a good General at the head of his own Troops, as he wou'd have reason to dread one at the head of his Enemies: No Prince but himself, as I find, was ever at the same time richer than a Prince cou'd wish to be; and poorer than a private Person could possibly bear to be.

He loves to gratify such as serve him: but then he as liberally rewards the Assiduities, or rather the Idleness of his Courtiers, as the laborious Campaigns of his Generals: He oftentimes prefers a Man that undresses him, or gives him a Napkin when he sits down to Table, before another who takes
him

him Towns or wins him Battles. He thinks that the supreme Grandeur ought not to be confin'd in the Distribution of Favours: and without examining whether the Person whom he bestows his Bounty upon, is really a Man of Merit, he thinks his Choice of him makes him so: and accordingly he has been known to bestow a small Pension upon a Man that fled from the Enemy two Leagues, and a fine Government upon another that fled four.

He is magnificent, principally in his Buildings: there are more Statues in the Gardens of his Palace, than there are Inhabitants in a large City: His Guard is as strong as that of the Prince before whom all the Thrones of the Earth truckle, and are reduced to Dust: His Armies are as numerous, his Supplies as endless, and his Exchequer as inexhaustible.

Paris, *the 7th of the Moon*
Maharram, 1713.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Rica to Ibben at Smyrna.

IT is a great Question among Men, whether it is better to deprive Women of Liberty, or to allow it them. In my mind, there is much to be said on both sides. If the *Europeans* will have it to be ungenerous to make those unhappy whom we love; our *Asiatics* answer, that it is an Argument of a poor Spirit for Men to renounce the Empire which Nature has bestow'd on them over the Women. If they are told that a great number of Women shut up are very troublesome; they answer that Ten Women that are obedient, are less troublesome than One that is not. Now if in their turn they object that the *Europeans* can't be happy with Women that are not faithful to them: our Answer is, that this same Fidelity, so much boasted of, does not hinder the Disgust which always follows a gratified Passion; that our Women are too much

much ours ; that so calm a Possession leaves us nothing to wish or to fear ; that a little Coquetry is as it were the Salt, which not only gives the Relish, but prevents Corruption. Perhaps a wiser Man than my self would be at a loss how to decide this Question : for if the *Asiatics* do very well to look out for means to calm their Inquietudes ; the *Europeans* are as much in the right, to have no Inquietudes at all.

After all, say they, though we were unhappy in quality of Husbands, we should still find means to make our selves amends, in quality of Lovers.

No Man can with reason complain of the Infidelity of his Wife, unless there were but three Persons in the World ; they will be quits, so long as there are four.

There is another great Question, namely, whether by the Law of Nature the Women are subject to the Men. No certainly, said a very gallant Philosopher to me the other day, Nature never dictated any such Law : the Empire we assume over them is down-

down-right Tyranny, which they let us exercise, only because they have more Good nature than we, and consequently more Humanity and Reason: these very Advantages, which doubtless ought to give them the Superiority, had we been rational, have lost it them, because we are otherwise.

Now if it be true that the Power we have over the Women, is merely tyrannical; it is no less true that they have over us an Empire natural; that of Beauty, which nothing can resist. Our Authority extends not to all Countries; whereas that of Beauty is universal: wherefore then do we claim a Preheminence? Is it because we are stronger than they? but herein is a manifest Injustice; we employ all manner of Means to break their Spirits: they would be equally vigorous, were their Education equal to ours: try them in the Talents, which Education has not enervated; and you will see whether they are weaker than us.

This must be confest, tho' it is contrary to our Custom; amongst the most civiliz'd Nations, Women always had
the

the Authority over their Husbands : It was established by a Law among the *Egyptians*, in honour of *Isis*, and among the *Babylonians*, in honour of *Semiramis*. It is said of the *Romans*, that they commanded all Nations, but obey'd their Wives. I take no notice of the *Sarmatians*, who were really Slaves to the Sex ; they were too much *Barbarians* to be quoted for an Example.

Thou seest, my dear *Ibben*, that I have imbib'd the Taste of this Country, wherein they love to maintain extraordinary Opinions, and to reduce every thing to a Paradox. The Prophet has decided the Question, and has adjusted the Rights of both Sexes : the Wives, says he, ought to honour their Husbands, and the Husbands their Wives ; but the Husbands have the Advantage to be one Degree above their Wives.

Paris, 26th of the Moon

Gemmadi 2, 1713.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

† Hadgi Ibbi *to the Jew, Ben Joshua, a Mahometan Profelyte, at Smyrna.*

IT seems to me, *Ben Joshua*, that the Birth of extraordinary Personages is always ushered in with some stupendous Signs and Appearances; as if Nature suffer'd a sort of Crisis, and the Celestial Power cou'd not bring forth without the Pangs of Child-birth.

Nothing is so marvellous as the Birth of *Mahomet*. God, who by the Decrees of his Providence, had resolv'd from the very Beginning to send to Mankind this mighty Prophet, to chain up Satan; created a Light two thousand Years before *Adam*, which passing from Elect to Elect, from one Ancestor to another

† Hadgi is one that has been in Pilgrimage at Mecca.

An-

Anceſtor of *Mahomet*, at length deſcended to Him, as an Authentick Teſtimony of his being ſprung from the Patriarchs.

It was therefore for the Sake of this ſame Prophet, that God Willed not that any Child ſhould be conceiv'd, till the Nature of Woman ſhould ceaſe to be unclean, and the Virile Inſtrument was deliver'd up to Circumciſion.

He came into the World Circumciſ'd; and Joy was ſeen upon his Countenance at the very Inſtant of his Birth: thrice did the Earth tremble as if ſhe her ſelf had been in Labour: all the Idols fell flat on their Faces: the Thrones of Kings were overturn'd: *Lucifer* was hurled down to the Bottom of the Sea, and ſwam therein for forty Days before he emerg'd from the Deep Abyſs: after which he fled to Mount *Cabes*, from whence with a terrible Voice he call'd upon the Angels.

That very Night did God ſet a Bounder-mark between Man and Woman, which neither of them could

pass over: the Art of the Magicians and Necromancers found it self bereft of Virtue: a Voice was heard from Heaven, saying these Words; I have sent to the World my faithful Friend.

According to the Testimony of *Isben Aben* the *Arabian* Historian, the Generations of Birds, Clouds, Winds, and all the Squadrons of Angels assembled themselves to breed up this Child, and there was great Contention among them who should have the Honour of it. The Birds said, warbling, that they ought to have the Fostering of him, because they could more easily bring together the various Fruits of different Climates. The Winds murmur'd and said, It rather belongs to us, because we can convey to him the most agreeable Odours from all Parts. No, said the Clouds, the Care of him ought to be committed to us, because we will every Instant impart to him the refreshing Coolness of the Waters. Upon which the Angels cry'd out, indignant: What will there remain for us to do? But a Voice was heard from Heaven, which put an end to all Disputes:

putes: He shall not be taken out of the Hands of Mortals; because happy the Breasts that shall give him suck; the Hands that shall touch him; the Roof he shall dwell under, and the Bed he shall repose on!

After so many flagrant Testimonials, my dear *Joshua*, a Man must have an Heart of Steel not to believe his Holy Law. What cou'd Heaven do more to prove his Divine Mission, unless Nature it self had been overturn'd, and Mankind who were to be convinc'd, had been destroy'd?

Paris, 20th of the Moon
Rhegeb, 1713.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Usbek to Ibben, at Smyrna.

AS soon as a great Man is Dead, they meet here in a Mosque, and make his Funeral Oration; that is, a Discourse in his Praise: with which, after all, a Man would be puzzled to decide exactly whether the Deceas'd had a great deal of Merit, or none at all.

I would have these Funeral Ostentations banish'd : Men should be bewail'd at their Birth, and not at their Death. What avail the Ceremonies and mournful Formalities about a Sick Man in his last Moments ; his Family weeping, his Friends grieving, but only to exaggerate the Loss he is going to suffer, and make him the lother to depart ?

We are so Blind that we know not when we are to Mourn, or when we are to Rejoice : we have hardly ever any thing besides fictitious Sadness, or fictitious Mirth.

When I see the Subjects of the *Mogul* running in Crowds once a Year, to behold their King putting himself in a Balance, and causing himself to be weigh'd like an Ox ; when I see them rejoicing at their Prince's being grown more Corpulent, that is to say, less capable of Governing them ; I can't help pitying the Extravagance of the Mind of Man.

Paris, 20th of the Moon
Rhegeb, 1713.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

*The Chief of the black Eunuchs to
Usbek.*

ISMAE L, one of the black Eunuchs, magnificent Lord, is just now Dead, and I thought it Incumbent upon me to fill up his Place. Eunuchs being at present extreamly scarce, I had thoughts of making use of a black Slave which thou hast in the Country: but as yet I have not been able to prevail upon him to suffer himself to be Consecrated into this Employment. Considering with my self, that in the main it was for his own Good, I resolv'd t'other Day to use a little Rigour towards him; and so, in Conjunction with the Intendant of thy Gardens, I ordered him, in his own despite, to be put into a condition of rendring to thee Services with which thy Heart is most delighted, and to live as I do within these tremendous Walls, which he dares not so much as look upon. But he set up his Throat

as if we had been a going to skin him; and was so very mutinous, and made such Resistance, that he got away from us, and escap'd the fatal Knife. I have just now been inform'd, that he intends to write to thee, to ask thy Excuse, affirming that I conceiv'd this Design purely to revenge my self on him, for his saying certain sharp things concerning me. I swear by the hundred thousand Prophets, that I acted upon no other Motive, than the Advancement of thy Service, the only thing that I value, and beyond which I extend not my View, nor have Eyes for any other Object. I prostrate my self at thy Feet.

*From the Seraglio of Fatme,
7th of the Moon Mahar-
ram, 1713.*

LETTER XL.

Pharan to Usbek, his Sovereign Lord.

WERT thou here, magnificent Lord, I shou'd appear before thee,

thee, all paper'd over with Petitions and Representations, and all little enough to contain an Account of the Outrages I have suffered since thy Departure, from the Hands of the chief black Eunuch, the wickedest of Men.

Under Colour of some Railleries, which he pretends I utter'd concerning the unhappiness of his condition, he pours upon my Head the whole Stock of his inexpressible Revenge; he has inflam'd against me the cruel Intendant of thy Gardens, who since thy Departure imposes on me most unsufferable Tasks, under which I have a thousand times been upon the brink of Expiring, yet without abating in the least of my Ardour to serve thee. How many times have I said within my self: I have a Master who is all over Goodness, and yet there breathes not a more unhappy Slave than I!

I confess to thee, magnificent Lord, I did not think my Misery to be capable of any Addition: but this cursed Eunuch was resolved to fill up the Measure of his Villainy. Some Days ago, of his own private Authority, he

mark'd me out for a Keeper of thy Sacred Women; that is, he destin'd me to an Execution which would be, to one in my Case, a thousand times worse than Death it self. Those who at their Birth have been so unfortunate as to receive from their Cruel Parents such Treatment, have this Consolation, that they never knew what it was to be otherwise; but for me to be degraded and stript of Manhood, I'm sure I shou'd die of Grief, if I over-lived the Pain!

I embrace thy Feet, sublime Lord, in the most profound Humility; grant me to feel the Effects of that Virtue which is so much respected: and let it not be said that by thy Command there is in the World one unhappy Man the more.

*From the Gardens at Fatme,
7th of the Moon Mahar-
ram, 1713.*



LET-

LETTER XLI.

Usbek *to* Pharan, *at the Gardens*
at Fatme..

REceive Joy into thy Heart, and recognize these Sacred Characters: make the chief Eunuch and the Intendant of my Garden to Kiss the same: I forbid them to lay Hand on thee before I return: let them purchase an Eunuch to supply the Place of him that is wanting: go on and perform thy Duty, as if thou hadst Me always before thine Eyes: and know, that the greater my Kindness is, the more severely shalt thou be punished, if thou abusest it.

Paris, *the 25th of the Moon.*

Rhegeb, 1713,

LETTER XLII.

Usbek *to* Rhedi, *at* Venice.

THERE are in *France* three sorts
of Professions, the Church, the
G *s* Sword,

Sword, and the Long Robe. Each has a sovereign Contempt for the other two: a Man, for Example, that ought to be despised only for being a Fool, is often despised only because he is a Lawyer.

Even the vilest Mechanics will dispute for the Excellency of the Trade they have chosen: each sets himself above him that is of a different Profession, in Proportion to the Idea which he has fram'd to himself of the Superiority of his own.

All Men, more or less, resemble that Woman of the Province of *Erivan*, who having received some Favour from one of our Monarchs, wish'd a thousand times, in her Benedictions she bestow'd on him, that Heaven would make him Governor of *Erivan*.

I have read, that a *French* Ship putting in upon the Coast of *Guinea*, some of the Crew went ashore to buy Sheep. The Natives carry'd them to the King, who was dispensing Justice to his Subjects under a Tree. He was on his Throne, that is to say, a Piece of Timber, as stately as if he had sat upon

upon that of the Great Mogul: about him stood three or four Guards arm'd with Hedge-stakes: an Umbrella in the form of a Canopy skreen'd him from the Heat of the Sun. All his own Ornaments, as well as those of the Queen his Consort, consisted in their black Hides, and some few Rings. This Prince, whose Vanity was greater than his Poverty, askt those Strangers, whether he was not much talkt of in *France*: he fancy'd his Name could not but be carried from one Pole to another: and being quite the Reverse of that Conqueror, of whom it is said, he had silenced the whole Earth, this Prince fancied it could not be but the whole Universe must speak of him.

When the Cham of *Tartary* has dined, a Herald proclaims, that all the Princes of the Earth may go to Dinner if they think fit: and this Barbarian, that lives upon Milk, who has neither House nor Home, and subsists upon nothing but Robbing and cutting of Throats, looks upon all the Kings of the World as his
Slaves,

Slaves, and regularly insults over them twice a Day.

Paris, *the 28th of the Moon*
Rhegeb, 1713.

LETTER XLIII.

Rhedi *to* Usbek, *at* * * *

Yesterday Morning, as I was in Bed, I heard a violent Knocking at the Door; which was soon opened, or rather broke open, by a Man with whom I had contracted some Acquaintance, and who seem'd to me to be quite out of his Wits: his Apparel was a great deal more than modest: his Peruke, all awry, had not been so much as comb'd out; he had not had leisure to get his black Waistcoat mended; and for that Day he had laid aside the wise Precautions with * which he was wont to disguise the Dilapidations of his Equipage.

* *His Cloak.*

Get

Get up, says he to me, *I shall have occasion for you all this Day; I have a thousand Implements to buy, and would be glad to have you with me: first, we must go to the Street St. Honorè, to speak to a Scrivener, who has a Commission to sell an Estate to the value of five hundred thousand Livres, and I am willing to have the refusal of it. As I came hither, I stopt a Moment in the Suburbs of St. Germain, where I hired a House for two thousand Crowns, and hope to get the Contract executed some time to-day.*

As soon as I was dress'd, or pretty near the matter, my Chap hastily lugs me down with him: *First, said he, let us go and buy a Coach, and settle our Equipage: accordingly we bought not only a Coach, but variety of Merchandize, to the value of one hundred thousand Livres, in less than an Hour's time: all this was soon over, for he did not stand hagling, nor counted out a Farthing of Money, so that he lost no time, nor was ever out of his way. I began to muse*

muse upon this ; and when I had examin'd into him a little, I found in him an odd Complication of Riches and Poverty, so that I knew not what to think : but at length I broke silence, and taking him a little aside, Sir, says I to him, who is to pay for all this ? *My self*, says he : *come along with me into my Chamber, and I will show you immense Treasures and Riches, enough to raise the Envy of the greatest Monarchs, but not Your Envy, for you shall share them with me.* I follow him : we clamber up to his fifth Story, and then by a Ladder we ascend to the sixth, which was a Closet open to the four Winds : in this Closet I saw nothing but two or three Dozen of Earthen Basons, fill'd with various Liquors. *I rose betimes,* says he ; *and the first thing I did, according to my Custom these five and twenty Years, I visited my Work ; and found that the great Day was at last come, that was to make me the richest Man upon the Earth. See you this red Liquor here ? It now has all the qualities*
required

required by the Philoſophers towards the Transmutation of Metals: I have extracted from it theſe Grains you ſee here: they are true Gold with reſpect to their Colour, tho' ſomewhat imperfect as to their Weight. This Secret, which Nicholas Flamel found out, but which Raymund Lully and millions beſides have miſt, is fallen into My hands; and I am this day a happy Adept. God grant I make ſuch Uſe of the Treafure he has been pleaſed to communicate to me, as may be for his Glory!

I turn'd about, and went, or rather fell down the Ladder, transported with Rage, and left this rich Man in his Hoſpital.

Paris, the laſt of the Moon

Rhegeb, 1713.

LETTER XLIV.

Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice.

I Meet here with People that diſpute without end about Religion; but,
in

in my mind, the Contention is, who shall least follow the Precepts of it.

They are not only not better Christians, but not better Citizens; and this is what affects me very much: for whatever Religion a Man lives under, the Observation of the Laws, Love of our Neighbour, Duty to our Parents, are always the chief Acts of Religion.

And indeed, what is the first Object of a religious Man, but to please the Deity who established that Religion he makes Profession of? But the surest way to do this, is doubtless to observe the Rules of Society, and the Duties of Humanity: for in whatever Religion a Man lives, the Moment that any Religion at all is suppos'd, it must also necessarily be suppos'd that God loves Men, because he establishes a Religion to make them happy: that if he loves Men, we are sure to please him by loving them too; that is, by practising towards them all the Duties of Charity and Humanity, and not violating the Laws under which they live.

We

We are much surer to please God this Way, than by observing such or such a Ceremony. For Ceremonies have no Degree of Goodness in themselves; they are only relatively good, and in the Supposition that God has enjoin'd them: but this is a very nice Point: we may easily deceive our selves therein; for we must make choice of the Ceremonies of one Religion, among those of two thousand.

A certain Man every Day made this Prayer to God. ‘ Lord, I understand
 ‘ nothing of these Disputes, that are
 ‘ continually had, concerning thee:
 ‘ I am willing to serve thee according
 ‘ to Thy Will; but every Man whom
 ‘ I consult, will have me serve thee
 ‘ according to His. When I am about
 ‘ to apply my self to thee in Prayer,
 ‘ I know not what Language to make
 ‘ use of, nor what Posture to put my
 ‘ self in: one bids me pray Standing,
 ‘ another says I must do it Sitting,
 ‘ and a third will have me perform
 ‘ it Kneeling. This is not all; there
 ‘ are, who pretend I ought to wash
 ‘ me every Morning with cold Water;
 Others

Others assert that thou wilt look up-
on me with Abhorrence, if I cut not
off a small Piece of my Flesh: I
happen'd the other Day to eat a
Rabbit in a Caravansary (an Inn :)
three Men that were there put me
into a terrible Fright, by telling me,
that I had most grievously offended
thee; One, * because it was an un-
clean Creature; Another, † because
it had been strangled; and the Last ‡,
because it was not Fish. A Brach-
man who was going by, and whom
I appeal'd to, says to me, they are
all in the wrong, for to be sure you
did not kill the Creature with your
own Hands: But I did, says I. Ah!
then you have been guilty of an abo-
minable Action, and God will never
pardon you, says he to me, with a
severe Voice: how do you know but
that your Father's Soul was passed
into that Creature? All these things,
Lord, give me an unconceivable
Disturbance of Mind: I can't move

* A Jew. † A Turk. ‡ An Armenian.

‘ my Head but I’m threatened with
 ‘ having provoked thee to Wrath, and
 ‘ yet all this while I deſire to pleaſe
 ‘ thee, and in ſo doing to employ
 ‘ that Life I owe unto thee: I know
 ‘ not whether I err; but I can’t help
 ‘ believing that the beſt Way to do
 ‘ this, is to live like a good Citizen in
 ‘ the Society wherein thou haſt placed
 ‘ me, and like a good Father in the
 ‘ Family which thou haſt given me.

Paris, 8th of the Moon

Chahban, 1713.

L E T T E R XLV.

Zachi to Usbek, at Paris.

I Have a great Piece of News to tell
 thee: I am reconciled to *Zephis*:
 the Seraglio that was divided into
 Parties is now united again; there is
 nothing but thee wanting within theſe
 Walls, wherein Peace dwells: come,
 my dear *Usbek*, come, and let Love tri-
 umph therein.

I entertain’d *Zephis* at a Banquet,
 to which thy Mother, thy Wives, and
 prin-

principal Concubines were invited: thy Aunts, and many of thy She-Cousins were there likewise: they came on Horseback, cover'd with the dusky Shade of their Veils and of their Apparel.

Next Day we set out for the Country, where we hoped to be more at Liberty: we mounted our Camels, and went four and four in a Nest. It being a Match made of a sudden, we had not time to send about the Neighbourhood to acquaint them with it, that they might keep themselves within doors: but the chief Eunuch, whose Thoughts are always at work, took another Precaution; for, besides the Cloth which hinder'd us from being seen, he added so thick a Curtain that it hinder'd us from seeing any body.

When we came to cross the River, each of us according to Custom box'd our selves up, and was convey'd into the Boat: for we were told the River was full of People. One more curious than ordinary coming too near us receiv'd a mortal Wound, which for ever depriv'd him of the Light of the Day.

Day. Another, that was bathing stark naked on the Shore met with the like Fate. And thus were these two unfortunate Wretches sacrific'd to thy Honour and ours, by the Hands of thy faithful Eunuchs.

But mind what happen'd to us afterwards. We were hardly got to the middle of the River, when so boisterous a Wind arose, and so frightful a Cloud covered the Sky, that the Mariners began to be in a Consternation. Frighted at this Danger, we almost all of us swooned away. I remember I heard the Voice and Disputes of our Eunuchs : some of whom were for letting us know our Danger, and for setting us at liberty : But the Head of them declared he wou'd rather die than suffer his Master to be thus dishonoured, and that he would stab Him that should presume to make such a bold Proposal. One of my She-slaves, quite beside her self, came running to my Assistance and all undrest : but a black Eunuch laid hold on her roughly, and sent her back to the Place from whence she came. Then I swooned

swooned away, and recovered not my Senses 'till the Danger was over.

Women that go abroad, especially on the Water, have a hard time on't! Men are expos'd to no Dangers but what threaten their Lives; but we are every instant in danger of losing our Lives, or our Virtue. Adieu, my dear *Usbek*. I shall for ever adore thee.

*From the Seraglio at Fatme, the 2d of
the Moon Rhamazan, 1713.*

L E T T E R XLVI.

Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice.

THEY who love to improve in Knowledge are never idle. Tho' I have no important Affair upon my hands, yet am I continually employ'd. I pass my Life away in Observation: I every Evening commit to Writing my Remarks on what I have seen, and on what I have heard in the Day-time: every thing engages me, every thing surprises me: I am like a Child
whose

whose tender Organs receive strong Impressions from the least Objects.

You will hardly believe me when I tell you we are welcome to all Companies and all Societies : I believe it is much owing to *Rica's* lively Wit and natural Gaiety, which makes him court all Company, and be equally courted by all : Our outlandish Air is now no longer offensive to any body ; nay we enjoy the Surprise they are in, to see us polite : for the *French* imagine not that our Climate can produce such Men as we are : And yet it must be own'd, they are well worth the undeceiving.

I have spent some Days at a Country Seat near *Paris*, with a Man of Note, who is o'erjoy'd when his House is full of Company. His Wife is a very lovely Person, and, besides an unfeigned Modesty, she has a Sprightliness which our Ladies of *Persia* know nothing of, by reason of their recluse Lives.

Being a Stranger, the best thing I could do, was, according to Custom, to make my Remarks upon that Croud
of

of People that are incessantly flocking together, whose Characters still presented me with something new : At first I took notice of a Man whose Simplicity pleas'd me much ; I struck up with him, and he as readily join'd Company with me, so that we were almost inseparable.

One Day as we were discoursing together in private, tho' we were then in the midst of a great Circle, yet leaving the general Talkers to themselves, Perhaps you will think me more curious than well-bred, says I ; but pray give me leave to ask you some Questions, for I am quite weary of being thus thrown out of all Play, and conversing with People I can make nothing of : My Mind has been above two Days at work, and there is not a single Man here that has not put me to the Torture above two hundred times over ; and yet in a thousand Years I should never be able to make a right Guess at them ; they are as invisible as the Wives of our grand Monarch. Tell me but what you would be at, replies he to me, and I will

will inform you in whatever you desire to know; and the rather because I take you to be a discrete Man, and one that will not abuse my Confidence.

Who is that Person, said I to him, that talks so much of his entertaining the Great ones, and is so familiar with your Dukes, and speaks so often to your Ministers, who are said to be difficult to come at? He must needs be a Man of Quality, but his Aspect is so mean that he don't do much Honour to Men of Quality: and besides, I don't find he has any manner of Education. I am a Foreigner, but I can't help thinking there is in general a certain Politeness common to all Nations: I see nothing of this in him: are your Men of Quality here worse educated than others? This Man is a Farmer of the King's Revenues, answer'd he smiling: he is as much above others in Riches, as he is below all the World in Birth: He would have the best Table at *Paris*, could he but prevail with himself never to dine at home: he has a great deal of Im-

pertinence, as you see ; but then he excels in a Cook, for which he is not ungrateful, for you have heard him all this day do nothing but commend his Cook.

And who is that huge Fellow there in black, says I to him, that the Lady has placed next to her self? How comes he to dress so dismally, and yet put on so gay a Behaviour, and look so florid? He returns a gracious Smile to every thing that is said to him ; his Apparel is more modest, but yet more formal, than that of your Women. He is a Preacher, says he ; and, which is yet worse, a Director of Consciences : for all he looks so, he knows more than the Husbands do : he knows the blind sides of the Wives, who likewise know that he too is not without *his* blind side. How ! says I : he's always a talking of something, which he calls Grace. Not always, replied he ; when he whispers a pretty Woman, he dwells more upon the Topick of Man's Fall : in publick he thunders ; but in a Corner is as gentle as a Lamb. Methinks, says I to him, he is mightily taken
taken

taken notice of, and is respected in a more than ordinary manner: How comes he to be so distinguished? He is a necessary Man; he is the Sweetener of a retired Life; petty Counsels, officious Cares, set Visits; he dissipates a Pain in the Head better than any Man alive; he is a most excellent Man!

But if I am not too troublesome to you, pray tell me who is he that sits right against us, so poorly habited, that makes so many ugly Faces, speaks a different Language from the rest, and has not the Wit to talk, but talks to get Wit? He is a Poet, answers he, and a Grotesque of a Man. This sort of People say, they are born what they are; it is very true; and what they are born they will continue all their Lives, that is to say, the most ridiculous of Men, for the most part: accordingly no body spares them: Contempt is liberally pour'd on them from all Hands: Hunger has brought this Man hither; and he is well receiv'd both by the Master and Mistress, whose Good-nature and Good-breeding

breeding make no Distinction of Persons : He made their *Epithalamium* when they were married ; and it is the best thing he ever did : for it happens to be as fortunate a Match as he foretold it wou'd be.

You will hardly believe it, added he, you are so prepossess'd with your Oriental Customs ; there are such things amongst us as happy Marriages, and Women whose Virtue alone is their sufficient Guard. The Couple here before us enjoy a reciprocal Peace that can't be disturb'd ; they are beloved and esteemed by every body ; there is but one thing amiss ; their natural Good-humour makes them give a free Admission to all sorts of People ; which sometimes is the Cause why there is very bad Company : Not as I disapprove of such : we must live with People as we find them ; it oftentimes happens, that such as are said to be good Company are only more refin'd in Vice ; as it is with Poisons, the more subtle, the more dangerous.

Who

Who is that old Man, said I to him softly, that looks so morose? I took him at first for a Foreigner; for besides his being differently drest from the others, he censures every thing that is done in *France*, and is displeased with your publick Management. He is an old Warriour, says he, that makes himself memorable to all his Auditors by the Prolixity of his Atchievements; he won't allow that *France* ever gain'd a Battle in which he was not present; or that any Siege is worth talking of, where he did not mount the Trenches: he fancies himself so necessary to our History, that he believes it was at an end with the last Action he was concerned in: he looks upon some Wounds he received, as he would upon the Dissolution of the Monarchy: and, quite contrary to those Philosophers, who say, that the present Time alone is enjoy'd, and that the past is nothing, he for his part only enjoys the past, and exists not but in the Campaigns that he has made; he breathes in the Times that are elaps'd, in like manner as Heroes are

to live in those that are to come. But wherefore, says I, did he quit the Service? He did not quit it, answers he, but the Service quitted him; he is employed in a small Garrison, where he will be narrative the rest of his Days: but he will never advance further; the Path of Honour is shut up against him. Why so? said I. We have a Maxim in *France*, reply'd he, never to raise Officers whose Patience has languished in subaltern Offices; we look upon them as Men whose Spirit is contracted into a Narrowness of Particulars; and who being habituated to little things, are become incapable of greater: we are of Opinion, that a Man who at thirty Years of Age has not the Qualities of a General, will never have them: that he who has not that Roll of his Eye, as to represent at once a Tract of several Leagues, in all its different Situations; that Presence of Mind that enables him in a Victory to improve all Advantages, and in a Defeat suggests all proper Resources; will never acquire those Talents as long as he

he

he lives: and therefore we have among us bright Employments for great and sublime Men, on whom Heaven has not only bestow'd the Heart, but the Genius of a Heroe; and inferior Posts for such whose Talents are inferior. Of this Number are those who are grown old in an obscure Warfare; they at most succeed only in doing that which they have done all their Lives long; and we ought not to begin to load them extraordinarily at a time when they begin to grow weak.

A Moment afterwards the Spirit of Curiosity seized me again, and I said to him: I give you my Word I will ask you no farther Questions, if you will bear with one more: Who is that young Man in his own Hair, who has so little Wit, and so very much Impertinence? What makes him talk so much louder than the rest, and seem to be glad he is alive? He is a Favourite of Fortune, says he to me. Here some People came in, others went out; all got up; somebody came to speak to my Gentleman, and

I remain'd as wise as I was before. But, a Moment afterwards this young Man chanced to be close by me. It is fine Weather, directing his Speech to me, shall we take a turn in the Garden? I answered him in the civillest manner I could; and so we went out together. I come into the Country, says he, to gratify the Mistress of the House here, with whom I am upon no ill Terms: there are some Women in the World that are termagant or so; but what should a Man do? I visit the handsomest Women in *Paris*; but I don't confine my self to one; and I often give them the flip; for between you and me I am a sad Dog. Then says I to him, Sir, you have some Post or Employment that hinders you from a closer Attendance upon them. No, Sir, I have nothing in the World to do, but to make a Husband run mad, or drive a Father to despair: I love to alarm a Woman, that thinks she has me fast, and reduce her within a Finger's Breadth of losing me: There is a Knot of us young Fellows, who divide thus the whole

whole Town among us, and make it take notice of every Step we take. By what I find, says I to him, you make more Noise than the most valiant Warriour, and are more regarded than the gravest Magistrate. Were you in *Persia*, you wou'd not enjoy all these Advantages; you wou'd be fitter to guard our Women than to pleasure them. Here I began to redden; and I believe, had I gone on a little further, I shou'd have affronted him.

What sayest thou of a Country where such People as these are tolerated, and a Man who follows so vile a Trade is suffered to live? Where Infidelity, Treachery, Rapes and Injustice are the Steps that lead to Eminence? Where a Man shall be valued because he deprives a Father of his Daughter, a Husband of his Wife, and brings Distraction into the happiest and most sacred Societies.

Happy the Children of *Haly*, who defend their Families from Infamy and Debauchery: The Light of the
H s Sun

Sun is not purer than the Fire that burns in the Heart of our Women: Our Daughters think not without trembling of the Day that is to deprive them of that Virtue, which makes them so like Angels and Incorporeal Powers!

O my dear native Soil, whom the rising Sun honours with his first Regards; thou art not sullied with those horrible Crimes, which oblige that Planet to hide himself as soon as he appears in the cloudy West.

Paris, the 5th of the Moon

Rhamazan, 1713.

LETTER XLVII.

*Rica to Usbek, at ****

T'Other Day, being in my Chamber, in came a Dervise very oddly dress'd: his Bread reached down quite to his hempen Girdle; he was
bare-

bare-footed ; his Habit was grey, coarse, and in some Parts * picked : the whole Figure of the Man was so whimsical, that my first Thought was to send for a Painter to take a Sketch of him.

He accosted me with a long Compliment, wherein he gave me to understand that he was a Man of Merit, and moreover a Capuchin : I have been informed, Sir, added he, that you are shortly to return to the Court of *Persia*, where you hold a very eminent Rank : I come to beg your Protection, and to desire you to obtain us from your King a little Habitation near *Casbin* for two or three Monks. My good Father, said I, you design then to go to *Persia* ! I, Sir, cried he ! no marry ; I am Provincial here, and wou'd not change my Condition with any Capuchin in the Universe. Why what the deuce do you want of Me then ? Why, answered he, if we had such a little Habitation, our Fathers of *Italy* wou'd

† The Point of his Hood behind.

send two or three of their Monks thither. I suppose then you are acquainted with those Monks, said I. No, Sir, I know nothing of them. Why what a Plague then will their going into *Persia* be to you? A wond'rous fine Project truly, to have a Brace of Capuchins breathe the Air of *Casbin*: it will be of general Use both to *Europe* and *Asia*, no doubt; it is mighty necessary our Monarchs shou'd look after this Affair. These are noble Colonies indeed! Get you gone; you and the rest of you are not cut out for Transplantation; you will do much better to continue creeping about just where you were first ingendered.

Paris, the 15th of the Moon
Rhamazan, 1713.



LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

Rica to * * *

I Have known some People whose Virtue was so natural to them that they were hardly sensible of it: they adhered to their Duty without any Force upon themselves, and followed it as it were by Instinct: far from exalting their rare Qualities in their Discourse, they seemed not to have yet reached their own Knowledge. These are the Men I love; not those virtuous Folks that seem to be amazed at their being so, and look upon a good Action as a Prodigy, which must fill every Body with Wonder that hears of it.

If Modesty be a necessary Virtue, even in those whom Heaven has indued with the greatest Talents; what shall we say of those Insects that dare to shew a Pride wou'd dishonour the greatest Men?

I meet every where with People that are eternally talking of themselves: their Conversation is a Looking-glass

glafs that always presents you with their impertinent Figure: they will hold you a Discourse about the least Accidents that ever befell them, and think their being concerned in them must make them considerable to You: there is nothing but what they have done, seen, said, or thought: they are the universal Model; an inexhaustible Subject of Comparisons; a Spring of Examples never to be dried up. How wretchedly insipid is Praise, when it bounds back to the Place it comes from!

Some Days ago a Man of this Character plagued us for two Hours together with his Merit and his great Talents: but as there is no perpetual Motion in the World, he at last was silent. A little of the Talk then fell to our share, and we took hold of the Opportunity.

One that seemed to be a little troubled with the Spleen, began to complain of the many tiresome Disturbers of Conversation: What, nothing but Fools that are eternally giving you their own Characters, and bringing

bringing every thing home to themselves! Your Observation is just, cried our Talker abruptly: ah! if Men wou'd but act like me! I never praise my self: I have Wealth and Birth; I spend handsomely; my Friends tell me I do not want Wit: but you never hear me talk of these things: if I have any good Qualities, that which I value my self most upon is my Modesty.

I cou'd not but wonder at this impertinent Creature; and while he was running on, I said to my self: Happy the Man who has Vanity enough never to speak well of himself; who stands in awe of his Hearers, and will not venture to set up his Merit against the Pride and Self-love of other People.

Paris, *the 20th of the Moon*
Rhamazan, 1713.



LET-

L E T T E R XLIX.

Nargum, *the Persian Envoy, residing in Muscovy, to Usbek at Paris.*

THEY write me Word from *Is-pahan*, that thou hast left *Persia*, and art now actually at *Paris*. Why must I owe my Information to any but thy self?

The Commands of the King of Kings have detained me five Years in this Country; where I have effected divers Important Negotiations.

Thou knowest the Czar is the only Christian Prince whose Interests are mingled with those of *Persia*, because he is an Enemy to the *Turks* as well as we.

His Empire is greater than ours: for they reckon it two thousand Leagues from *Moscow* to the utmost limits of his Dominions on the side of *China*.

He is absolute Master of the Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects, who are all Slaves, except four Families. The Lieutenant of the Prophets, the King
of

of Kings, who has Heaven for his Footstool, does not make a more dreadful Use of his Power.

To look at the frightful Climate of *Muscovy*, a Man wou'd never dream that it shou'd be a Punishment to be banished from it; and yet whenever any Great Man is disgraced, he is sent into *Siberia*.

As the Law of our Prophet forbids Us to drink Wine, the Prince's Decree prohibits the Use of it to the *Muscovites*.

They have a Way of receiving their Guests, which has nothing at all of *Persian* in it. As soon as a Stranger enters their House, the Husband presents him his Wife; the Stranger Kisses her, and this is reckoned a Compliment to the Husband.

Tho' the Fathers in the Marriage-Contract of their Daughters generally covenant that their Husband shall not beat them, yet you cannot think how much the *Muscovite* Women love to be beaten: they cannot be made to believe that they have their Husband's Heart, if he does not bang their Bones
for

for them: an opposite Behaviour in him is an unpardonable sign of Indifference. Here is a Letter which one of them lately wrote to her Mother:

My dear Mother,

I am the most unfortunate of Women: I have omitted nothing to gain my Husband's Affection; but cannot do it. Yesterday I had a thousand Things to do about the House: I went Abroad, and staid out all the live-long Day: I thought at my Return he wou'd have Beat me purely; and he did not so much as give me an angry Word. My Sister has far different Treatment: her Husband Rib-roasts her daily: she cannot look at a Man, but he is presently about her Bones: they Love one another sincerely, and live the most comfortable Life in the World.

*This it is that makes her so Vain: but she shall not Despise me long: I am Resolved I will make my Husband Love me, cost what it will: I will Provoke him to such a Degree, that sure he must give me some Proofs of his Kindness: it shall never be said that I cou'd never get one Beating, and that I live in the House unminded: upon
the*

the least Slap he gives me I will set up my Throat and roar out as loud as ever I can Bawl, that People may believe Things go right; and I fancy if any Neighbour shou'd come to my Help, I shou'd tear their Eyes out. I beg, my dear Mother, you wou'd represent to my Husband that he uses me very unworthily. My Father, good Man, did not do thus by You: and I remember when I was a little Girl, I thought sometimes he loved you a little too passionately. I Embrace you, my dear Mother.

The *Muscovites* must not go out of the Kingdom, even to Travel: so that being separated from all other Nations by the Laws of the Country, they have preserved their ancient Customs with so much the more Constancy, as they do not think it possible there should be any other.

But the Prince now Reigning was resolved to alter every thing: he had a sad Conflict with them about their Beards: the Clergy and Monks were no less zealous to preserve their Ignorance.

He applies himself to make the Arts flourish among them, and neglects nothing

nothing to fill *Europe* and *Asia* with the Glory of his Nation, which 'till lately has been overlookt, and was hardly known to any but it self.

Restless and incessantly busy, he Travels about his vast Dominions, every where leaving behind him Tokens of his natural Severity.

He makes Excursions even beyond them, as if they were not sufficient to contain him, and seeks in *Europe* other Provinces and new Kingdoms.

I embrace thee, my dear *Usbek*: let me hear from thee, I conjure thee.

Moscow, 2d of the Moon
Chalval, 1713.

L E T T E R L.

Rica to Usbek, at * * *

I Was t'other Day in a Company where I diverted my self well enough. There were Women of all Ages: one of fourscore; one of sixty; one of forty, who had a Niece that
might

might be about one or two and twenty. A sort of Instinct made me get near this last: She whispered me in my Ear: What do you say to my Aunt, who at her Years tries to make Conquests, and wou'd be thought pretty? She is much in the wrong, said I; that's a design only proper for You. A Moment afterwards, I happened to be by her Aunt, who says to me: What do you think of that Woman there, who is at least threescore, and yet spent above an Hour this Morning at her Toilet? 'Twas all Time lost, says I, and not to be excused in any but a Woman of Your Beauty. I went to the miserable Creature of threescore, and pitied her in my Heart, when she whisper'd me: Can any thing be so ridiculous? Look there at that Woman who is fourscore Years old, and yet wears flame-colour Ribbands: She would fain seem young, and really she is so; for this is mere Childhood. Heavens, said I to my self! Shall we never have Eyes but for the Ridicule of other Folks? Perhaps it is a Blessing, said I afterwards, that

that we can gather Comfort from the Weaknesses of others. However, being in a Vein to be merry, Come, says I, we have ascended far enough ; let us now go downward, and begin with the ancient Gentlewoman that is at Top. Madam, the Lady I just now spoke with, and You, are so very like, that one wou'd swear you were two Sisters: I fancy you are just of an Age. Aye marry, Sir, quoth she, when one dies of Age, the other will quake for Fear. I do not think there is two Days difference between us. Having done with my decrepit Dame, I went to her of Sixty. Madam, says I, you must decide a Wager I am concern'd in: I have betted, that that Lady and you (shewing her the Woman of forty) are of the same Age; Good faith, says she, I don't believe there is six Months difference. So far, good. Proceed. I still go downwards, and came next to the Woman of forty. Madam, do me the favour to tell me whether it is not in jest that you call the young Lady there at t'other Table, your Niece? You are as young
as

as she is : nay, she has something of a Decay in her Face, that is not to be found in yours ; and the lively Colour of your Cheeks No, hold, says she, I am her Aunt, that's true : but her Mother was at least five and twenty Years older than my self ; we were not by the same Venter : I have heard my late Sister say, that her Daughter and I were both born in a Year. I thought as much, Madam ; and might well wonder.

My dear *Usbek*, the Women, when they find themselves dying beforehand by the Departure of their Charms, would fain steal back again towards Youth. Why shou'd we be surprized at their endeavouring to Cheat others ? They do all they can to Cheat themselves, and drive out the most afflicting of all Thoughts.

Paris, the 3d of the Moon
Chalval, 1713.



L E T-

LETTER LI.

Zelis *to* Usbek, *at* Paris.

NEVER was Passion more violent than that of *Cofrou* the white Eunuch, for my Slave *Zelida*: he demands her in Marriage with so much Fury that I cannot refuse him. And why shou'd I oppose it, when her Mother does not, and *Zelida* her self seems content with the Notion of this mock Marriage, this vain Shadow that is offered her?

What will she do with this poor Wretch, who will have nothing of the Husband, but his Jealousie; who will never be warm'd out of his Coldness into any thing but a useless Despair; who will be continually recalling the Memory of what he once was, to put her in Mind of what he now is not; who, always ready to Enjoy, and never Enjoying, will be eternally Cheating himself and her too; and will remind her incessantly of the Wretchedness of her Condition?

Heavens,

Heavens, to be always in Viſions and Fancies! To live to nothing but Imagination! To be always on the Verge of Pleaſure, and never taſte it! Languiſhing in the Arms of a Wretch, inſtead of answering to his Sighs, to answer only to his Bewailings?

What a Contempt muſt one have for a Man of this ſort, made only to guard, and never to poſſeſs? I look for Love, but can find none.

I ſpeak to thee freely, knowing thou loveſt my plain Way, and preſerreſt my open Confeſſions and Reliſh for Pleaſure, to the feigned Modeſty of my Companions.

I have heard thee ſay a thouſand times, that the Eunuchs taſte a ſort of Pleaſure with Women, which is unknown to us; that Nature makes up their Loſſes to them; that ſhe has Expedients which repair the Diſadvantage of their Circumſtances; that they may indeed loſe their Manhood, but not their Senſation, and that in this State they have a kind of Third Senſe, whereby they only change, as it were, one Delight for another.

If this be so, I shall think *Zelida* less unhappy: it is some Comfort to live with People less miserable.

Send me thy Orders in this Matter, and let me know whether thou wou'dst have this Marriage solemnized in the Seraglio. Adieu.

*From the Seraglio of Ispahan, 5th of
the Moon Chalval, 1713.*

LETTER LII.

*Rica to Usbek, at * * **

I Was this Morning in my Chamber, which thou knowest is separated from the next only by a very thin Partition, and that pretty full of Holes, so that one may hear every thing that is said in the adjoining Room. A Man that was walking about in a great Passion, said to another: *I can't imagine what's the Matter; but every thing goes ill with me: here 'tis above three Days since I have said any thing that has been to my honour,*

honour, and I have been confounded among the Herd in every Conversation without having the least Notice taken of me, or being twice spoken to. I had got ready some Flights to enliven my Discourse; but they wou'd not give me time to bring them in: I had a very clever Story to tell, but every time I strove to bring the Discourse to it, they gave me the slip, as if I had made it on purpose: I have some rare Jest, that for these four Days have lain in my Head till they are almost grown stale, and I have not once had an Opportunity of making the least use of them: if things go on at this rate, I fancy at last I shall grow a Fool: my Stars seem resolved to have it so. Yesterday, I was in great Hopes of shining among three or four old Women, who certainly had no design to play Tricks with me; and I had got some of the prettiest things in the World to say. I was above a quarter of an Hour striving to turn the Conversation, as I wou'd have had it; but they never kept to any Connection in their Talk, but like the fatal Sisters always cut off the Thread of my Discourse. Faith! the Reputation of Wit is no small

Trouble to support : I can't think how you managed Matters to attain it.

A Thought comes into my Head, cries t' other : let us labour jointly to promote each other's Wit ; let us go Partners : we will tell one another every Day beforehand what to say, and stand by each other so stoutly, that if any Body offers to interrupt us in the midst of our Ideas, we will drag him into us ; and if he resists, we will use Violence : we will agree what Passages to approve, where to smile, when to laugh outright : you shall see we will give the Turn to all Conversations, and all the World shall admire the Quickness of our Wit, and the Happiness of our Repartees : we will protect one another upon a Nod : you shall shine to-day ; to-morrow you shall be my Second : I will go with you into a House, and cry out, as soon as I introduce you, I must tell you a very pleasant Answer this Gentleman just now made to one that we met in the Street ; and then turning to you, he did not expect any thing like it : you silenc'd him fairly. I will repeat some of my Verses, and you shall say : I was by, when he made them ; it
was

was at a Supper, and he did not study for them a Moment. Nay, you and I will often rally one another; and People will say, See how smartly they battle it; how briskly they defend themselves; they don't spare one another, Faith; let's hear how he will come off of that; to a Miracle! what Presence of Mind he is Master of! This is a tight Engagement; but they will never dream, that we fought it all over the Night before. We must buy some Jest-Books, wrote for the use of those who have no Wit at all, but wou'd seem to have a great deal; all depends upon copying after good Originals. I'll warrant you in six Months time, we hold a Conversation of an Hour long, made up of nothing but Jests: but we must take care of one thing; which is, to push the Success of them as far as it will go; it is not enough to say a good thing: it ought to be published; it shou'd be spread about every where: without this, it is but thrown away: and I own nothing in the World is such a Mortification to a Man, as to have a smart thing which he has said, die and be buried in Oblivion in

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the

the Ear of a Fool. 'Tis true, we often have amends made us for this, by having a good deal of Nonsense, that we say, pass unexamined; and this is all the Comfort we have in those Cases. This, my Dear, is the Method we must take: follow my Directions, and in six Months you shall get a Place in the Academy: you see your Trouble will be but short; for when once you are a Member of that, you may throw away all your Arts: you will then be reckoned a Wit in spite of your Teeth. It is observed in France, that when a Man enters himself of any Society, he presently catches what we may call the Spirit of the Body; you will find it so; and I am in no pain for you, but how you will bear the heaps of Applause that will be shower'd upon you.

Paris, the 6th of the Moon
Zilcade, 1714.



LET

LETTER LIII.

Rica to Ibben, at Smyrna.

AMONG the *Europeans*, the first quarter of an Hour's Marriage removes all Difficulties ; the last Favours are always of the same date with the Nuptial Benediction: the Women do not act like ours in *Persia*, who dispute the Ground sometimes for whole Months together: these are as free as ever they can: their Indulgence is Plenary ; if they lose nothing, it is because they have nothing to lose: but you are sure of knowing beforehand, to their eternal Shame be it spoken, the Moment of their Defeat ; and without consulting the Stars, one may exactly foretell the Hour of the Birth of their Children.

The *French* seldom talk of their Wives; for fear they shou'd speak before People that are better acquainted with them than themselves.

There is among them a Set of very
unhappy Men, whom no Body com-
forts ;

forts; namely, the Jealous Husbands; There are some that every Body hates, to wit, the Jealous Husbands; there are some that all Men despise; the same Jealous Husbands.

And accordingly there is no Country in the World where there are so few of them, as among the *French*: their Tranquillity is not grounded upon any Confidence that they place in their Wives, but rather on the ill Opinion they have of them: all the wise Precautions of the *Asiatics*, their Veils, their Prisons, the Vigilance of their Eunuchs, seem to them more likely to exercise the Contrivance of this Sex, than to Tire it. Here the Husbands bear their Misfortunes with as good a Grace as they can, and look upon the Infidelity of their Wives as strokes of Fate, which there is no avoiding. A Husband that shou'd pretend to be the sole Possessor of his Wife, wou'd be thought a Disturber of the public Pleasure, and a kind of Madman, that wou'd enjoy the light of the Sun all himself.

Here a Husband that loves his Wife, is looked upon as a Man that has not
Merit

Merit enough to get the Love of any other Woman; that makes use of the Authority of the Laws to supply his own want of Agreeableness; that insists upon all his private Rights, to the Prejudice of a whole Society; that takes a thing which was only pledged to him, to be his own Property; and that does all that lies in his Power to frustrate a tacit Convention, which is the Happiness of both Sexes. This Title of Husband to a Coquette, which we are so cautious of owning in *Asia*, is here borne without Uneasiness: People find Opportunities enow of taking their Revenge. A Prince comforts himself for the loss of one Place, by the winning of another. While the *Turk* was taking *Bagdad* from us, were not we getting the Fortrefs of *Candahor* from the *Mogul*?

A Man that in general bears with his Wife's Disloyalty, is not found fault with; on the contrary, he is highly commended for his Prudence: there are only a few particular Cases that are Scandalous.

Not that there are no virtuous Women in this Country; they are indeed very much distinguished: my Conductor always shewed them me; but they were all so ugly, that a Man must be a Saint, not to hate Virtue.

After what I have told thee of the Manners of this Country, thou wilt easily believe the *French* do not much value themselves upon Constancy: they think it as ridiculous for a Man to swear to a Woman that he will always love her, as to resolve he will always enjoy Health or Happiness. When they promise a Woman that they will always love her, they suppose that she on her Side will undertake to continue alway lovely; and if she fails on her Part, they think themselves no longer bound to theirs.

Paris, 7th of the Moon

Zilcade, 1714.



L E T.

LETTER LIV.

Usbek to Ibben, at Smyrna.

Gaming is very much practised in *Europe*: it is a very handsome Employment, to be a Gamester: this single Title supplies the want of Birth, Riches, or Probity: it sets all the Professors upon the Foot of Gentlemen, without further Examination, tho' every Body knows how much they are deceived in judging after this manner: but they have agreed to be incorrigible.

The Women especially are strangely addicted to it: it is true, they seldom follow it in their Youth, but in order to indulge a more favourite Passion: but as they grow old, their Relish for Gaming seems to get fresh Youth: and this Passion then fills the Vacancies of all the rest.

They are all resolved to undo their Husbands; and in order to effect it, they have various Methods adapted to every Age, from the tenderest Youth
to

to the most decrepit old Age: Dress and Equipage begin the Ruin; Gallantry helps it forwards; Play compleats it.

I have often seen nine or ten Women, or rather nine or ten Centuries, placed round a Table: I have observed them in their Hopes, their Fears, their Joys, and particularly in their Transports of Fury: thou wou'dst swear they cou'd never have Time to appease themselves, and that their Lives wou'd end, before their Rage: thou wou'dst have been in some doubt whether those they paid their Money to, were their Creditors or their Legatees.

Our Holy Prophet seems to have had it chiefly in his view to restrain us from every thing that might disturb our Reason; he forbid us the use of Wine, which obscures it, or rather buries it: he expressly prohibited all Games of Chance: and where it was impossible he shou'd remove the Cause of our Passions, he strove to deaden them. Love, among us, brings neither Disturbance nor Fury along with it: is a languid indolent Passion, and lets our Soul remain in a perfect Calm:
Plurality

Plurality of Wives delivers us from their Dominion, and moderates the Violence of our Deſires.

Paris, 18th of the Moon.

Zilhage, 1714.

L E T T E R LV.

Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice.

THE Libertines here maintain an infinite Number of Women of Pleaſure, and the Bigots as many Derviſes: theſe Derviſes take three Vows, of Obedience, Poverty, and Chaſtity. They ſay the firſt is beſt kept: as to the ſecond, I will aſſure thee it is very little minded; and I leave thee to judge of the third.

But as rich as theſe Derviſes are, they will never reſign the Notion of Poverty: ſooner would our glorious Sultan renounce his ſublime and magnificent Titles: they are much in the right on't; for this Name of Poverty keeps them from the Thing.

The Phyſicians, and ſome of theſe Derviſes, whom they call Confefſors,
are

are always here either too much esteemed, or too much despised; tho' I am told the Heirs are better pleased with the Physician than the Confessor.

I was t'other Day in a Convent of these Dervises: one of them, a Man venerable for his white Hair, accosted me very civilly; and having shewn me the whole House, led me into the Garden, where we fell into Discourse. My good Father, said I, what is your Office in the Community? Sir, replied he, with an Air of much Satisfaction at my Question, I am a Casuist. Casuist, cries I! all the time that I have been in *France*, I never heard a Word of that Employment. *How! don't you know what a Casuist is! hearken to me then; I will give you a Notion of it that shall satisfy you to the full.* "There are two
"Kinds of Sins; the Mortal, which
"absolutely exclude a Man from Paradise;
"and the Venial, which indeed
"are offensive to God, but do not
"provoke him so highly as to deprive us of Beatitude: now, our
"whole

“ whole Art consists, in cleverly distin-
 “ guishing between these two Sorts of
 “ Sins ; for, excepting just a few Free-
 “ thinkers, all the Christians wou’d
 “ willingly go to Paradise ; but most
 “ of them wou’d gladly purchase it
 “ at as cheap a Rate as they can. When
 “ a Man knows what Sins are Mor-
 “ tal, he takes care to avoid all those,
 “ and his Business is done : there are
 “ but few that aspire to a mighty
 “ high Degree of Perfection ; and so
 “ not being ambitious, they don’t
 “ much trouble themselves about the
 “ chief Places : they just take care to
 “ squeeze into Paradise, and if they
 “ get but in, ’tis all they desire. These
 “ are Men that gain Heaven by Vio-
 “ lence, and that say to God : O Lord,
I have fulfilled the Conditions most rigo-
rously ; Thou canst not refuse to keep
thy Promise ; as I have done no more
than just what Thou requiredst of me, I
don’t expect Thou shou’dst grant any thing
more than thou promisedst.

“ You find, Sir, we are a very ne-
 “ cessary sort of Folks. Yet this is
 “ not all ; you shall hear other-guests
 “ Mat-

“ Matters than those. It is not the
“ Action that makes the Crime; it is
“ the Knowledge of the Person that
“ commits it: he that does Evil, and
“ can believe it not to be so, may set
“ his Heart at ease: and as there are
“ a vast many Actions which are equi-
“ vocal in their Nature, a Casuist may
“ give them a small Degree of Good-
“ ness which they have not, by reck-
“ oning them to be of that Sort; and
“ provided he can but make the Man
“ believe they have no Venom, it
“ really takes all the Venom out of
“ them.”

“ I have here let you into the Se-
“ cret of a Trade which I am grown
“ old in; I have shewed you the
“ Niceties of it: there is a Turn to be
“ given to any thing, tho’ it seems
“ ever so little capable of it”. Father,
says I, this is mighty well: but how
do you make up the matter with Hea-
ven? If the Grand *Sophi* had such a
Man as you in his Court, that shou’d
serve him as you serve God, making
Distinctions in his Commands, teach-
ing his Subjects in what Cases they
must

must obey them, and how far they may violate them; he wou'd impale him out of hand. With this I bow'd to my Dervise, and left him, without staying for an Answer.

Paris, *the 23d of the Moon*
Maharram, 1714.

L E T T E R LVI.

Rica to Rhedi, at Venice.

PARIS, my dear *Rhedi*, abounds with Variety of Trades. There you shall have a Man so obliging, as to come and offer you, for a small Piece of Silver, the Art of making Gold.

Another promises you, that you shall lie with the Spirits of the Air, if you will live only thirty Years without conversing with a Woman.

You may meet with Diviners so cunning, as to tell you your whole Life, provided they have but had one quarter of an Hour's Discourse with your Servants.

There

There are some dextrous Women that make Virginitie a Flower which dies and revives every day; and is gathered the hundredth time with more Pain than the first.

There are others, that by the Power of their Art can repair all the Injuries of Time, restore the fading Beauty of a Complexion, and even call back a Woman from the greatest Age to the most tender Youth.

All these People live, or endeavour to live, in a City which is the Mother of Invention.

The Revenues of the Citizens cannot possibly be farmed out; they consist in nothing but Wit and Ingenuity: every one has his particular Talent, which he makes the best Market of that he can.

He that shou'd go about to number all the Men of the * Law, that gape after the Revenue of some Mosque †,

* Men of the (Christian) Law, *i. e.* Churchmen, not Lawyers. I take that to be the Meaning of les Gens de Loi, † A Church.

might as soon count the Sands of the Sea, or the Slaves of our Monarch.

Vast Numbers of Masters of Languages, Arts and Sciences, teach other People what they know nothing of themselves; and this Talent is very extraordinary: for it requires no great Capacity to teach what one understands; but a Man must have a fine Genius indeed, to instruct another in a thing he himself is wholly a Stranger to.

It is impossible to die here any otherways than suddenly: Death has no way to exercise his Dominion, but by Surprise, in this Country: for in every Corner you have People that have infallible Remedies for all Distempers that can be imagined.

All the Shops are spread with invisible Nets, in which the Chaps are all caught: however one sometimes gets out of them tolerably cheap: a spruce Girl in a Shop shall wheedle a Man for a whole Hour together, to get him to buy a few Tooth-picks.

Every

Every body departs from this City, with more Caution about him than when he came to it : by having squander'd away Part of your Wealth to others, you learn to keep the rest : the only Advantage which Strangers get in this enchanting City.

Paris, *the 10th of the Moon*

Saphar, 1714.

LETTER LVII.

Rica to Usbek, at * * *

I Was t'other Day in a House where there was a Circle of People of all sorts : I found the whole Talk in the possession of two old Women, who had laboured in vain the whole Morning to make themselves young again. Aye, aye, says one of them, the Men of these Days are quite different from those we saw in our Youth. They were polite, well bred, complaisant ; but the Rudeness of these is intolerable. Aye, every thing is changed for the worse, cried a Man that seemed crippled with

with the Gout: Times are not now what they were forty Years ago: every body then was healthy; they walk'd about; they were gay; they loved nothing but Laughing and Dancing: now all the World is unsufferably dull and heavy. A Moment afterwards, the Conversation fell upon Politicks: Zounds, says an old Lord, the State can't be said now to be governed at all: shew me such a Minister now-a-days as Monsieur *Colbert*: I was thoroughly acquainted with that Monsieur *Colbert*: he was my particular Friend; he always ordered my Pension to be paid me before any body; what rare Order the Finances were in then! Every body was easy; but now, Blood, I am ruined. Sir, then spoke up an Ecclesiastick, you talk of the most miraculous Days of our invincible Monarch: can any thing be more Glorious than what he did in those Times to root out Heresy? And do you reckon the Abolition of Duels for nothing? said another Man that had not spoke a Word yet, with great Satisfaction. Mind that Remark, whispers another
in

in my Ear: that Man is charmed with the Edict against Duelling, and observes it so religiously, that about six Months ago he was caned for above half an Hour, rather than infringe it.

It is my Opinion, *Usbek*, that we never judge of Things but with a private View to our selves. I am not surpris'd that the Negroes shou'd paint the Devil of the most glaring Whiteness, and their Gods as black as a Coal; that the *Venus* of some Nations shou'd have Breasts hanging down to her very Thighs; and lastly, that all Idolaters have represented their Gods with a Human Figure, and given them all their own Inclinations. It has been said with good Reason, that if the * Triangles were to make a God they wou'd give him three Sides.

My dear *Usbek*, when I see Men that crawl upon a poor Atom, the Earth, which is no more than a Point

* This Mahometan Reflexion upon the Trinity is not expunged out of the Dutch Edition, as the preceding one was, p. 73.

in the Universe, set themselves up directly for the Models of Providence, I know not how to reconcile so much Extravagance with so much Insignificance.

Paris, *the 14th of the Moon*.
Saphar, 1714.

L E T T E R LVIII.

Usbek *to* Ibben, *at* Smyrna.

THOU askest me if there are any Jews in *France*? Know, that wherever there is Money, there are Jews. Thou enquirest what they do here? Just what they do in *Persia*: nothing can be more like a Jew of *Asia*, than a Jew of *Europe*.

They shew among the Christians, as well as among us, an invincible Obstinacy for their Religion, even to Madness.

The Jewish Religion is an old Trunk which has produced two Branches that have covered the whole Earth, I mean, Mahometism and Christianity:

stionity : or rather it is a Mother that has brought forth two Daughters who have stabb'd her with a thousand Wounds : for in point of Religion, the nearest Relations are the greatest Enemies. But as ill Usage as she has received from them, she nevertheless values herself greatly upon having produced them : she makes use of them both to take in the whole World, while she with her venerable great Age takes in all Ages.

The Jews therefore look upon themselves to be the Fountain of all Holiness, and the Foundation of all Religion : On the other hand, they take us to be Hereticks, that have altered the Law, or rather to be rebellious Jews.

If the Change had been made by slow Degrees, they think they might easily have been seduced : but as it was brought about at once, and in a violent manner ; as they know the Day and Hour of both their Births ; they despise us, because Faith can be measured by Ages, and stick close to a Religion co-eval with the World it self.

They

They never enjoy'd such a Calm in *Europe* as they now live in. The Christians begin to lay aside that intolerating Spirit, which used to sway them: the *Spaniards* are sensible how much they have lost by driving the Jews out, and the *French* by vexing of Christians whose Belief differed a little from that of the Prince. They are now convinced that the Zeal for the Progress of a Religion, is very different from the Devotion she requires; and that to love and observe her, there is no manner of Necessity for hating and persecuting those who do not.

It were to be wished our Mussulmans wou'd reflect as seriously upon this Point as the Christians, that we might in good earnest make Peace between *Hali* and *Abubeker*, and leave God to decide which of those Holy Prophets is the greatest: I wou'd have them honoured by Acts of Veneration and Respect, and not by vain Preferences; our Business is to strive to deserve their Favour, whatever Place God may have assigned

signed them: whether at his Right Hand, or beneath the Footstool of his Throne.

Paris, 18th of the Moon
Saphar, 1714.

LETTER LIX.

Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice.

I went t' other Day into a famous Church, call'd *Nôtre Dame*: while I was admiring this noble Structure, I had an Opportunity of discoursing with a Churchman, who was drawn thither by Curiosity as well as my self. Our Conversation fell upon the Ease and Quiet of his Profession.

“ Most People, said he, envy the
 “ Happiness of our Condition; and
 “ they have some Reason: yet it has
 “ its Inconveniencies: we are not so
 “ separated from the World, but that
 “ we are called into it upon a thousand Occasions, and there our Part
 “ is very difficult to act.

“ The

“ The People of the World are
 “ strangely whimsical: they can bear
 “ neither our Approbation nor our
 “ Censures: if we offer to correct
 “ them, we are ridiculously imper-
 “ tinent: if we approve them, we act
 “ below our Character: nothing is so
 “ great a Mortification, as to think
 “ one has given Scandal even to the
 “ Impious. We are therefore forced
 “ to observe an equivocal Conduct,
 “ and to deal with the Libertines, not
 “ in a positive Character, but by leav-
 “ ing them in an Uncertainty how
 “ we relish their Discourse: it requires
 “ a great deal of Wit to do this:
 “ this State of Neutrality is very hard
 “ to keep: the Men of the World who
 “ venture at every thing, who give way
 “ to all their Flights, and according to
 “ their Success drive them on or drop
 “ them, succeed much better.

“ This is not all; that happy quiet
 “ State, so much cried up, is not to
 “ be preserved when we come into
 “ the World. We no sooner appear,
 “ but they set us upon disputing: for
 “ instance, they oblige us to prove

“ the Use of Prayer, to a Man that
“ does not believe in God; the Ne-
“ cessity of Fasting, to another, that
“ has all his Life denied the Immorta-
“ lity of the Soul: the Undertaking
“ is laborious, and the Laugh seldom
“ runs on our Side. Nay more, a
“ certain Itch to draw others over
“ to our Opinions, torments us in-
“ cessantly, and is in a manner inse-
“ parable from our Profession. This,
“ I own, is as ridiculous as it wou’d
“ be for an *European* to labour, for the
“ Honour of human Nature, to wash
“ the *Africans* white. We disturb the
“ State, and plague our selves, to pro-
“ pagate Articles of Religion that are
“ not fundamental; and we are some-
“ thing like that Conqueror of *China*,
“ who drove his Subjects to a gene-
“ ral Revolt, by endeavouring to force
“ them to cut their Hair, and pare
“ their Nails.

“ Even our Zeal to bring the Peo-
“ ple directly under our Care, to per-
“ form the Duties of our holy Reli-
“ gion, is often dangerous, and can-
“ not be managed with too much
“ Caution,

“ Caution. An Emperor, named *Theo-*
 “ *dofius*, put all the Inhabitants of a
 “ certain Town to the Sword, even
 “ the Women and Children: after-
 “ wards offering to go into a Church,
 “ a Biſhop call’d *Ambroſius* ſhut the
 “ Gate upon him, as a ſacrilegious
 “ Murderer; and in this he did a very
 “ heroick Action. The Emperor hav-
 “ ing afterwards done the Penance
 “ that ſuch a Crime deſerved, and be-
 “ ing admitted again into the Church,
 “ went to ſeat himſelf among the
 “ Priests: the ſame Biſhop turned
 “ him out, and in this played the Part
 “ of a Fanatic and a Fool: ſo true it
 “ is, that we ought to be very di-
 “ ſtruſtful of our Zeal. What mat-
 “ ter’d it either to Religion or the
 “ State, whether that Prince had, or
 “ had not, been allowed a Seat among
 “ the Priests?

Paris, *the firſt of the Moon*

Rebiab 1, 1714.



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L E T T E R LX.

Zelis to Usbek, at Paris.

TH Y Daughter having attained her seventh Year, I thought it time to carry her into the inner Apartments of the Seraglio, and not wait 'till she was ten Years old before I gave her into the keeping of the Black Eunuchs. We cannot too soon restrain a young Creature from the Liberties of Infancy, and give her a holy Education within the sacred Walls where Modesty has placed her Residence.

For I cannot be of the Mind of those Mothers, who never lock their Daughters up till they are just ready to give them a Husband; that rather condemn them to the Seraglio, than consecrate them in it; making them by Violence embrace a way of Life, which they ought to have inspired them with a Love of by Use. Are we to expect every thing from the Power of Reason, and nothing from the silent Persuasion of Habit?

L

It is in vain to talk to us of the Subordination which Nature has placed us in: it is not enough to make us ſenſible of it, we ſhou'd be made to practice it, that it may ſupport us in that critical Time, when the Paſſions begin to grow, and ſtir us up to Independance.

If we were tied to you only by our Duty, we might ſometimes forget that; if by our Inclination, a ſtronger might riſe in us. But when the Laws give us to one Man, they forbid us all others, and put us as far out of their Reach, as if we were at a hundred thouſand Leagues Diſtance from them.

Nature, induſtrious in the Favour of the Men, was not ſatisfy'd with giving Deſires to them; ſhe implanted them in us too, that we might be the animated Inſtruments of their Happineſs: ſhe ſets us in the Flame of the Paſſions, that they might live eaſy: if they ever come out of their Inſenſibility, ſhe has allotted us to bring them into it again, tho' we can never taſte the happy State we place them in.

Yet, *Usbek*, do not imagine that thy Condition is preferable to mine: I have felt a thousand Pleasures here, which thou hast no Notion of: my Imagination has continually labour'd to shew me the Value of them: I have lived, whilst thou hast only languished.

In the very Prison where thou hast confined me, I am more free than thou: redouble thy Cautions to have me watched, I shall yet enjoy thy Inquietudes: and thy Suspicions, thy Jealousy, and thy Uneasiness are so many Proofs of thy Dependance.

Go on, my dear *Usbek*; have me watched Night and Day: nay, do not confide in the ordinary Precautions: Increase my Happiness, by securing thy own; and know I fear nothing but thy Indifference.

*From the Seraglio of Ispahan, the 2d of
the Moon Rebiab 1, 1714.*



L E T.

L E T T E R LXI.

Rica to Usbek at ***

I Think thou intendest to ſpend thy whole Life in the Country. I was to have loſt thee but for two or three Days, and here is a Fortnight gone ſince I ſaw thee: 'tis true, thou art in a charming Houſe; thou haſt Company ſuited to thy Temper; thou reaſoneſt at Eaſe: there needs no more to make thee forget the whole Uni-
verſe.

For my part, I lead much the ſame Life that I did when thou waſt here: I launch forth into the World, and endeavour to know it: my Mind loſes by Degrees all that was left in it of the *Aſiatic*, and bends eaſily to the *European* Manners. It does not appear ſo ſtrange to me now, to ſee five or ſix Women in the ſame Houſe with as many Men; and I begin to think it is no ſuch ill Mixture.

I may ſay, I knew nothing at all of Women 'till I came hither: I have

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ſeen

seen more of their Nature here in a Month, than I shou'd have done in thirty Years in a Seraglio.

Among us, all People's Characters are uniform, being all forced: we do not see them as they are, but as they are obliged to be: in that Slavery both of the Heart and Mind, we hear nothing speak but Fear, which has but one Language; and not Nature, which expresses herself so many different Ways, and appears under so many various Shapes.

Diffimulation, an Art so necessary, and so much practised among Us, is here unknown: every thing is spoke out, heard, seen: the Heart appears as much to view as the Face: in their Manners, in Virtue, nay in Vice itself, there is something open and undisguised.

To please the Women here, requires a certain Talent different from that which pleases them most: it consists in a kind of Trifling or Toying in the Mind, that amuses them very agreeably, in that it seems to promise them every Moment, what cannot

not be perform'd but in too long Intervals.

This Trifling, naturally made for the Toilets, seems to have formed the general Character of the whole Nation: they trifle at Council; they trifle at the Head of their Armies; they trifle with Ambassadors: no Profession seems ridiculous, but in Proportion to the Gravity it takes upon it: a Physician wou'd not be half so much laughed at, if his Habit were less doleful, and if he did but kill his Patients after a Trifling Toying Method.

Paris, the 10th of the Moon
Rebiab 1, 1714.

L E T T E R LXII.

*The Chief of the Black Eunuchs to
Usbek, at Paris.*

I Am in a Perplexity not to be described, most Magnificent Lord: the Seraglio is in the most terrible Disorder and Confusion that can be imagined:

Gined: War reigns among thy Wives: thy Eunuchs are divided: nothing is to be heard but Complaints, Murmurs, and Reproaches: my Remonstrances are despised: every thing seems lawful in this time of Anarchy, and I have now nothing but an empty Title in the Seraglio. There is not one of thy Wives but what thinks her self above all the rest by her Birth, her Beauty, her Wealth, her Wit, or thy Love; and upon one of those Titles claims all the Respect: I at length begin to lose that unwearied Patience, with which yet I have not been able to please them: my Prudence, nay my Complaisance, a Virtue so rare and uncommon in the Post I hold, have been useless.

Shall I lay before thee, Magnificent Lord, the Occasion of all these Disorders? It is all in thy own Heart, and in thy Tenderneſs towards them. If Thou didst not with-hold my Hand: if, instead of Remonstrances, thou gavest me the Power of Chastisements: if, instead of suffering thy self to be soft'en'd with their Complaints and Tears, thou wou'dst but send them to weep before

fore Me who am never softened, I shou'd quickly fashion them to the Yoke they are to bear, and soon break their proud independent Humours.

Being taken away at fifteen Years of Age from the most remote Parts of *Africa*, my native Country, I was first sold to a Master who had above twenty Wives or Concubines. Judging, by my Gravity and Taciturnity, that I was fit for the Seraglio, he commanded that I shou'd be made compleatly so; and I underwent an Operation painful at first, but happy for me in the End, as it brought me to the Ear and Confidence of my Masters. I was introduced into the Seraglio, which was quite a new World to me: the Chief Eunuch, who was the severest Person in my Life I ever saw, governed therein with an absolute Sway. Not a Word was ever heard of Strifes and Quarrels: a profound Silence reigned throughout: all those Women went to Bed, and rose, exactly at a certain Hour all the Year round: they entered the Baths one after another, and came out at the least Signal that

that we gave them: at all other times they were generally shut up in their Chambers. He had one Rule, which was to keep them wonderfully neat, and it is impossible to express his Nicety and Care in this Particular: the least Refusal of Obedience was punished without Mercy. 'Tis true, he wou'd say, I am a Slave, but 'tis to a Man who is Your Master as well as Mine: I only make use of the Power he has given me over you: it is he that punishes You, and not I: I only lend my Hand. Those Women never enter'd my Master's Apartment without they were called: they received that Favour with Joy, and were excluded from it without Murmuring: in short, I who was the meanest of the Blacks in that peaceful Seraglio, was a thousand times more respected than I am in Thine, where I bear the chief Command.

As soon as ever this Chief Eunuch found out my Genius, he had his Eye upon me; he gave my Master a Character of me, as one capable of pursuing his Schemes, and succeeding
him.

Him in the Post he held: he did not mind my tender Age; he thought my Attention to his Example wou'd serve me instead of Experience. To make short, I grew so fast into his Confidence, that he made no Scruple to intrust me with the Keys of those tremendous Places which he had so long guarded. 'Twas under this great Master that I learnt the difficult Art of Ruling, and formed my self to the Maxims of an inflexible Government: I studied the Hearts of Women under his Tuition: he taught me to make advantage of their Weaknesses, and not to be shaken by their haughty Airs. He often took Delight in seeing me exercise them, and drive them to the utmost Verge of Obedience; he then brought them back again by Degrees, and made me seem for a time to give way my self. But it was worth while to see him in those Moments, when they were driven to the very Point of Despair, between Prayers and Reproaches; he bore their Tears without the least Concern, and was highly delighted with this sort of Triumph.

This,

This, he wou'd say with an Air of Satisfaction, is the true way of governing Women: their Number never gives me the least Perplexity: I cou'd manage all those of our Mighty Monarch with the same Ease. How can a Man hope to captivate their Hearts, if his faithful Eunuchs have not first subdued their Minds?

He had not only a firm Resolution, but also a great deal of Penetration: he read their very Thoughts, and saw thro' all their Diffimulations: their studied Looks and fictitious Countenances never imposed upon him: he knew all their most private Actions, and their most secret Words: he made use of some to betray others, and took Pleasure in rewarding the least Discovery. As they never presumed to come near their Husband, but when they were Summon'd; the Eunuch call'd just which he pleased, and directed his Master's Choice according to his own Views; and this Preference was always the Reward of some Secret reveal'd: he had convinced his Master that it was necessary to good Order,
that

that he ſhou'd have this Privilege of Election, in order to add Weight to his Authority. This was the Method of Government, magnificent Lord, in a Seraglio which I believe was the beſt regulated of any in *Persia*.

Untye my Hands: allow me to make my ſelf obeyed. One Week ſhall reſtore Order out of all this Confuſion: it is no more than what thy Glory requires, and thy Security demands.

From thy Seraglio of Iſpahan, the 9th of the Moon Rebiab 1, 1714.

LETTER LXIII.

Usbek, *to his Wives at the Seraglio at Iſpahan.*

I Hear that the Seraglio is all in Confuſion, and that it is filled with civil Broils and Diviſions. What did I recommend to you at my Departure but Peace and good Underſtanding?
You

You promised me Obedience; was it with intent to deceive me?

It is You that wou'd be deceived, if I were minded to follow the Advice of the Chief Eunuch, or if I wou'd use my Authority to compel you to live according to my Exhortations.

I know not how to use those violent Methods till I have tried all others: do therefore for your own Sakes, what you wou'd not do for Mine.

The Chief Eunuch has great Reason to complain: he says you have no manner of Regard to him. How can you reconcile this Behaviour with the Modesty of your Condition? Has not He the care of your Virtue, in my Absence? Is he not the Depositary of that Sacred Treasure? But the Contempt you shew him is a certain Proof, that those who are employ'd to keep you within the Bounds of Honour, are troublesome and distasteful to you.

Alter your Conduct, I desire you; that I may another Time reject the Proposals made to me, contrary to your Liberty and Ease.

For

For I wou'd willingly make you forget that I am your Maſter, and remember me only as your Huſband.

Paris, *the 5th of the Moon*
Chahban, 1714.

L E T T E R LXIV.

Rica to * * *

MEN here apply themſelves very close to the Sciences ; but I know not whether they are very Learned. He that doubts every thing as a Philoſopher, dares deny nothing as a Theologian : this contradictory Man is always well ſatisfy'd with himſelf, provided you agree about Qualities.

The Predominant Paſſion or rather Fury of moſt of the *French* is, to be thought Wits ; and the Predominant Paſſion of thoſe who would be thought Wits, is to write Books.

And yet there is nothing ſo ill contrived : Nature ſeems wilely to have provided

provided that the Follies of Men shou'd pass away, but Books perpetuate them. A Fool ought to be satisfy'd with having teaz'd those who liv'd at the same Time with him: but he is for going further, and is resolved to plague the Generations to come: he is resolv'd to make his Impertinence triumph over Oblivion, which he might have enjoy'd as well as his Grave: he will have Posterity know that such a one liv'd, and all future Ages be inform'd that he was a Fool.

Of all Authors, there is none I despise more than the Compilers, who forage far and wide for Scraps of other Men's Works, which they piece into their own, like so many Dabs of Green Turf in a Flower-garden: they are not a whit superior to those that work in a Printing-house, who distribute the Types, which being put together make a Book, towards which they furnish'd nothing but Manual Labour. I am for having Original Authors reverenc'd: and, in my Judgment, 'tis a sort of Prophanation to drag, as it were out of their Sanctuary,
Pieces

Pieces of their Works, and expose them to a Contempt which they deserve not.

If a Man has nothing new to say, why don't he hold his Tongue? what have we to do with these double Employments, that is, Reading the same Thing twice? but I will give a new Order. You are an ingenious Man: that is to say, you come into my Library, and put undermost the Books that were a-top, and uppermost those that were at the bottom: Your Performance is a Master-piece.

I write to thee * * * upon this Subject, because I am out of all Patience with a Book I have just put away, which is so Voluminous that it seems to contain the whole Circle of Sciences; but has split my Brain, without teaching me any thing. Adieu.

Paris, the 17th of the Moon
Chahban, 1714.



L E T-

LETTER LXV.

Ibben *to* Usbek, *at* Paris.

THREE Ships are arriv'd here without bringing me any manner of News of thee. Art thou Sick, or dost thou take Delight in making me uneasy?

If thou lovest me not in a Country where thou hast no Tyes, what wouldst thou do in the middle of *Persia*, and in the Bosom of thy Family! But perhaps I deceive my self: thou art too amiable not to find Friends where-ever thou goest: the Heart is an Alien no where: it is free of all Cities: how can a well-dispos'd Mind avoid forming Engagements? I confess to thee, I reverence Friendships that are of an ancient Standing; but I am not displeas'd with contracting new ones in all Places.

Whatever Country I happen to be in, I have liv'd as if I had been to end my Days there: I have had the same Fondness for Virtuous People; the same
Compassion,

Compaſſion, or rather Tenderneſs, for the Unfortunate ; the ſame Eſteem for thoſe whom Proſperity has not ſpoil'd. This is my Humour, *Usbek* ; where-ever I meet Men, I ſhall find Friends.

There is here a certain Guebre, who, I think, next to thee, poſſeſſes the firſt Place in my Heart : he is Probity it ſelf : ſome private Reaſons have oblig'd him to retire to this City, where he lives an eaſy Life upon the Gains of an honeſt Traffick, together with his Wife whom he loves. The whole Courſe of his Life is remarkable for generous Actions : and tho' he ſeeks to be obſcure, there is more of Heroiſm in his Soul, than in that of the greateſt Monarchs.

I have often talk'd to him concerning thee ; I ſhew'd him all thy Letters ; I obſerve he is pleas'd with them ; and I already perceive thou haſt a Friend that is unknown to thee.

Underneath thou wilt find his principal Adventures : tho' he was loth to write them, he could not reſuſe them to my Friendſhip, and I commit them to thine.

HISTORY

HISTORY of APHERIDON
and ASTARTE.

I Was Born among the *Guebres*, of a Religion which is perhaps the oldest in the World. I was so unhappy to be smitten with Love, before I was endu'd with Reason. I was hardly six Years old when I could not live without my Sister: my Eyes were always fix'd on her; and if she left me but a Moment, she was sure to find them drown'd in Tears when she came back: each Hour added no less to the Increase of my Love than to my Age. My Father, surpriz'd at so strong a Sympathy, would gladly have marry'd us, according to the ancient Custom of the *Guebres*, introduc'd by *Cambyfes*: but the Fear of the *Mahometans*, under whose Yoke we live, hinders those of our Nation from thinking of these Holy Alliances, which our Religion not only Permits but Commands; and which are such natural Images of the Union already form'd by Nature.

My

My Father thus finding it wou'd be of dangerous Consequence to follow my Inclination and his own, resolv'd to extinguish a Flame which he thought but just beginning, but which was already at its utmost Period: he feign'd a Voyage, and took me along with him; leaving my Sister in the Hands of one of his Female Relations; for my Mother had been Dead two Years. I will not now tell thee the Distraction I was in upon this parting: I embrac'd my Sister, who was drown'd in Tears: but I shed none; for Grief had made me as it were insensible. We arriv'd at *Tefflis*; and my Father, after he had committed my Education to one of our Relations, left me there and return'd home.

Some time afterwards I understood, that, by the Interest of a Friend of his, he had got my Sister into the King's *Beiram*, to wait upon a Sultana: had I heard the News of her Death, I could not have been more struck: for besides my Despair of ever seeing her again, her Entrance into the *Beiram* had render'd her a *Mahometan*;

and she could no longer look upon me without Horrour, according to the Prejudice of that Religion. Mean while not being able to live longer at *Tefflis*, weary of Life and hateful to my self, I return'd to *Ispahan*. My first Words were bitter to my Father: I upbraided him with putting his Daughter into a Place where none can enter without changing their Religion. You have brought down upon your Family, says I to him, the Wrath of God, and of the Sun that illuminates you: you have done worse than if you had stain'd the Elements; for you have stain'd your Daughter's Soul, which is no less pure: I shall die of Grief and Love: but may my Death be your only Punishment! Upon these Words I went forth; and for two Years I past my Life in looking on the Walls of the *Beiram*, and considering the Place where my Sister might be; exposing my self every Minute to be murder'd by the Eunuchs who keep Guard about those awful Places.

At

At length my Father dy'd; and the Sultana whom my Sister served, seeing her every Day encrease in Beauty, became Jealous of her, and married her to an Eunuch, who was passionately desirous of her; by this means my Sister got quit of the Seraglio, and with her Eunuch took a House at *Ispahan*.

It was upwards of three Months, before I could get to speak to her: the Eunuch, the most Jealous of Mortals, finding some Excuse or other to put me off from Day to Day. At length I was admitted into his *Beiram*, and he caused me to speak to her thorough a grated Window: the Eyes of a Lynx cou'd not have discovered her thro' so many Habits and Veils as she had on; and I knew her again by nothing but the Sound of her Voice. What was my Emotion, when I saw my self at once so near her, and so far off! I put a restraint upon my self, for I was watch'd. As for her, I thought she dropt some Tears. Her Husband went about to make some pitiful Excuses, but I treated him as the vilest of
L 2 Slaves.

Slaves. He knew not what to do, when he saw I spoke to my Sister in a Language which was unknown to him; it was the ancient *Persian*, which is our sacred Language. How, Sister, says I to her, is it then true that you have quitted the Religion of your Forefathers? I know that when you enter'd into the *Beiram*, you could not but make Profession of *Mahometism*: but tell me, cou'd your Heart consent like your Mouth, to forsake a Religion which permits me to love you? And for whom, pray, do you quit that Religion, which ought to be so dear to us? for a Wretch still mark'd with the Chains he us'd to wear; who, were he a Man, would be the last of Men? Brother, said she, the Man you speak of is my Husband: I must honour him, as worthless as he appears to you; and I shall be the last of Women, if Ah! Sister, says I to her, you are a *Guebre*: he neither is nor can be your Husband: were you a true Believer, like your Forefathers, you wou'd look upon him as a Monster. Alas, said she, at how great a distance

distance does that Religion discover it self to me! I scarce knew the Precepts of it, when I was oblig'd to forget them. You see, the Language I speak to you in, is no longer familiar to me, and that I have all the difficulty in the World to express my self: but be assur'd the Remembrance of our Childhood still pleases me; that ever since I have had nothing but counterfeit Joys; that no Day has past but I have thought on you; that you had a greater hand in my Marriage than you think for; and that the only thing that determin'd me to it was the hope of seeing you again: but I tremble to think how much further Pain that Day will give me, which has already given me so much! I see you are quite beside your self; my Husband foams with Rage and Jealousy; I shall never see you again; doubtless, I speak to you for the last time of my Life: in which case, Brother, it would be of no long continuance. Here she melted into Tears; and finding it impossible to proceed, she left me, the most afflicted Man that ever was.

Three or four Days after, I ask'd to see my Sister: the barbarous Eunuch would have hinder'd me: but besides that these sort of Husbands have not the same Authority over their Wives as others have, he was so distractedly fond of my Sister, that he could refuse her nothing. I saw her again in the same Place, and the same Equipage, accompany'd by two Slaves; which made me have recourse to our peculiar Language. Sister, said I to her, how comes it that I can't see you, without finding my self in such a dreadful Situation? These Walls that inclose you, these Bolts and Bars and Iron Grates, these horrible Guardians that watch you, make me almost mad: how have you lost the sweet Liberty that your Ancestors enjoy'd? Your Mother, who was so chaste, gave her Husband no other Surety for her Virtue, than that Virtue it self: they both liv'd happy in a mutual Confidence of each other: and the Simplicity of their Ways was to them a Treasure a thousand times more precious, than this false Splendor which you seem to enjoy in
this

this sumptuous House. In losing your Religion, you have lost your Liberty, your Happiness, and that precious Equality, which is the Honour of your Sex. But what is still worse; you are no Woman, for you cannot be so; but the Slave of a Slave, who has been degraded from Humanity. Dear Brother, said she, speak with Respect of my Husband, and the Religion I have embrac'd: according to which Religion it is a Crime in me to hear you speak, much more to speak to you. How, Sister, said I to her passionately, do you think this Religion to be a true one? Ah! said she, sighing, how well wou'd it be for me were it not! I make too great a Sacrifice to it, not to believe it to be true; and if my Scruples Here she was silent. Yes, Sister, your Scruples, whatever they be, are well grounded. What can you expect from a Religion, which makes you miserable in this World, and leaves you no Hope in the other? Consider, ours is the ancientest in the whole World; it has always flourish'd in *Persia*; it took beginning with that

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Empire,

Empire, whose Origin is beyond knowledge: it was Chance alone that introduc'd *Mahometism*: that Sect was establish'd not by the means of Persuasion, but by the Sword: Were but our natural Princes enabled, you would again see the Worship of the ancient *Magi* predominate. Look back to those remote Ages, and you will find it all Magism; nothing of the *Mahometan* Sect, which thousands of Years afterwards was not so much as dreamt of. But, said she, tho' my Religion were of a more modern Date than yours, it is at least of a purer Kind, since we worship God alone; whereas you likewise worship the Sun, the Stars, Fire, and even the Elements. I find, Sister, the *Mussulmans* have taught you to asperse our Holy Religion; we neither worship the Stars nor the Elements; neither did our Forefathers ever worship them; nor did they ever erect Temples to them, or offer Sacrifices to them; they only paid them an inferior sort of Religious Worship due to the Works of the Creator, and the Manifestations of the Deity.

Deity. But, Siſter, I beſeech you, in the Name of God, who enlightens us, accept of this Sacred Book; 'tis the Book of our Legiſlator *Zoroaſter*: read it without Prejudice: admit into your Heart the Rays of Light which will ſhine upon you in the reading of it: call to mind your Forefathers, who ſo long honoured the Sun in the Holy City of *Balk*: Laſtly, bear me in mind, me, who expect neither Repoſe, Happineſs, nor Life, but from your Change. Here, in the utmoſt Diſorder, I quitted her; and left her by her ſelf, to decide the moſt important Affair I could have in Life.

I return'd again two Days afterwards; I ſpoke not one Word to her; I ſilently waited the Sentence either of Life or Death. You are belov'd, Brother, ſays ſhe, and by a *Guebre*: I have had a terrible Conflict! but Gods! what Difficulties does Love remove! how eaſy am I now! how reliev'd! I now fear nothing but to love you too much; I can put no Bounds to my Love; but it is a lawful Exceſs. Ah, how well does this ſuit the Situation

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of

of my Heart! But you who have found a way to break the Chains which my Mind had forg'd to it self; when will you break those that tye up my Hands? From this Moment I am yours; let me see by your Readiness in accepting me, how much you value the Present I make you. Brother, I believe I shall die in your Arms the first Moment I have you in Mine. It were impossible fully to express the Joy I felt at these kind Words: I did believe, and actually saw my self in an Instant the happiest of all Men: I saw upon the Verge of Accomplishment, all the Wishes I had been forming for five and twenty Years; I saw vanishing away all the Uneasinesses which had render'd Life so painful to me: but after I had a little dwelt upon these pleasing Ideas, I found I was not so near my Happiness as I at first fancy'd; even tho' I had surmounted the greatest Obstacle of all. The Vigilance of her Keepers was to be surpriz'd; I durst not trust any Body with the Secret of my Life. She and I were to do the whole Work: If I miscarry'd, I ran
the

the hazard of being Impaled; but I thought Impaling a Trifle to Miscarrying. We agreed that she should send to me for a Clock her Father had left her, into which I was to convey a File to cut the Bars of the Window that look'd into the Street, as likewise a Rope-Ladder; after which I was to forbear visiting her, but should go every Night under her Window, to wait till she could put her Design in Execution. Fifteen whole Nights I spent without seeing any Soul, because no favourable Opportunity had offer'd it self. The sixteenth I heard a Saw at work: now and then the Sound ceas'd, and in those intervals my Fears were inexpressible. At last I saw her fasten the Rope, by which she slid down into my Arms: I was so transported, that I thought not of Danger; I remain'd a considerable time without stirring from the Place: I led her out of the City, where I had a Horse ready for her: I plac'd her behind me, and made my best of my way out of a Place that might have been so fatal to us. We arriv'd before Day at a House of a *Guebre*, in a desert Place, where

where he liv'd by himself in a frugal Manner, by the Labour of his Hands: we did not think fit to tarry here, and by his Advice we enter'd into a thick Forest, where we took up our Quarters in the Hollow of an old Oak Tree, till such time as the Noise of our Escape was at an end. We lived unseen in this by Place, incessantly repeating our Vows of Love to each other, till we cou'd find an Opportunity to be Married by some *Guebre* Priest, according to the Ceremonies prescribed by our Holy Books. Sister, said I to her, how Holy is this Union of ours! Nature has join'd our Souls; and our Holy Law will soon do as much by our Hands. At length came a Priest to put an end to our amorous Impatience: he perform'd, in the House of a Peasant, all the Ceremonies of Marriage: he gave us his Benediction, and a thousand times wisht us the same Vigour as *Gustaspes*, and the Holiness of *Hohooraspes*. We soon afterwards left *Persia* for our own Security, and retired into *Georgia*. There we liv'd a Year, every Day more and more

more delighted with each other. But, my Purse beginning to fail me, and being more apprehensive of Want for my Sister's sake, than my own, I quitted her, to go and look out for some Relief of our Relations. Never was so tender a Parting: but my Journey was not only fruitless but fatal: for finding on the one Hand our whole Estate confiscated, and on the other my Relations in a manner unable to relieve me, I obtain'd no more Money than to defray the Charges of my Return. But how shall I describe the Affliction I was in, not to find my Sister! Some Days before my Arrival, the *Tartars* had made an Incurfion into the Town where ſhe was, and finding her Beautiful, carry'd her off, and fold her to ſome Jews that were going into *Turkey*; they left behind them only one little Girl, whom ſhe was brought to Bed of ſome Months before. I follow'd thoſe Jews, and overtook them three Leagues from the Place: my Prayers, my Tears were ineffectual: they ask'd me thirty Tomans for her Ransom, and reſolv'd not to abate the
least

least of their Demand. After I had apply'd my self to every body, and implor'd the Protection both of Turkish and Christian Priests, I address'd my self to an *Armenian* Merchant: to him I sold my Daughter and my self too, for thirty-five Tomans: I went to the Jews, and gave them thirty Tomans, and the other five I carry'd to my Sister, whom I had not yet seen. You are now at Liberty, Sister, says I to her, and I may embrace you; see here I have brought you five Tomans: I am sorry the Purchase of Me could fetch no more Money. How! have you sold your self? Yes, says I to her. Unhappy Man, what hast thou done! was I not miserable enough before, but you must still labour to make me more so? Your Liberty was my Consolation, and your Slavery will now bring me to the Grave. Ah Brother, how cruel is your Love! But where is my Daughter, that I see her not? I have sold her too, says I. We both dissolv'd into Tears, and had not Power to speak. After this I went to wait upon my Master, and my Sister was

was there almost as soon as I. She fell on her Knees. I come to ask of you Slavery, as others do Liberty, said she: take me, I shall fetch you more Money than my Husband did. Upon which follow'd such a Conflict as forced Tears even from my Master. Alas, poor Man, said she, didst thou think I cou'd accept of my Liberty at the Expence of thine? Sir, behold here two Wretches that must die if you part us: I am your Slave, I make my self over to you as your Property; pay me; perhaps the Money, together with my Services, may one Day obtain from you what I dare not presume to ask of you; it is your Interest not to part us, and depend upon it, that his Life is at my Disposal. The *Armenian* was a good-natur'd Man, and was mov'd at our Misfortunes. Serve me both of you with Fidelity and Zeal, said he, and in a Year you shall have your Liberty: I see you both deserve a better Fate: if when you are free, you are as happy as you deserve to be; if Fortune should smile on you, I am certain you will make me Amends for the Loss I shall

shall sustain. We both embraced his Knees, and follow'd him in his Voyage. We assisted each other in the Labours of Servitude, and I was always overjoy'd to perform the Tasks that were allotted to my Sister.

At length the Year was up: our Master was as good as his Word, and set us at Liberty. We returned to *Tefflis*, where I found an old Friend of my Father's, who practised Physick in that Place. He lent me some Money, which I laid out in Merchandise, and fell into a Way of Trade. Some Affairs afterwards called me hither to *Smyrna*, where I settled, and have lived six Years, enjoying the most agreeable and charming Society in the World: Love and Union reign in my Family, and I wou'd not change my Condition to be the greatest King in the Universe. I was so happy as to meet once more with that *Armenian* Merchant to whom I owe my All, and have done him very signal Services.

Smyrna, the 27th of the Moon

Gemmadi 1, 1714.

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L E T T E R LXVI.

Rica to Usbek.

I Went t'other Day to dine with a Man of the Long Robe, who had often invited me. After we had talked over a great many things, says I to him; Your Trade seems to me to be a very slavish one, Sir. Not so slavish as you think for, answered he: as we manage it, it is only an Amusement. How do you mean? Is not your Head always fill'd with other Mens Business? Are you not continually taken up with things that don't in the least concern ye? Things that cause no Concern in us, you mean, cry'd he: and this is the Reason why it is not so fatiguing a Trade as you thought it was. Finding him take the thing in so easy a manner, I proceeded: Sir, says I to him, I have not yet seen your Study: I don't know how you shou'd, says he, for I have never a one. To raise Money to buy this Office, I sold my Library; and the Book-seller,

feller, who had it, left me nothing but my Book of Accompts: nor am I at all sorry I parted with the others: we Judges puff not our selves up with vain Knowledge: what have we to do with so many Volumes of the Law? almost all Cases are Hypothetical, and out of the general Rule. But, Sir, says I to him, is not that occasion'd by your turning them out of the general Rule? for in short, why are there such Things as Laws in any Nation, if they are not apply'd? and how can they be apply'd, if they are not known? Were you but acquainted with the Courts of Judicature, replies the Magistrate, you would not talk as you do: We have our living Books, the Counsellors: they work for us, and take upon themselves to instruct us. And don't they likewise take upon themselves to deceive you too, reply'd I? you wou'd do well to guard against their Ambuscades; they have Arms with which they attack your Equity, and it is fit you shou'd have some to defend it: you ought not to
go

go into the Thick of a Battle open-breasted, among Men that are arm'd up to the Chin.

Paris, 1st of the Moon
Chahban, 1714.

LETTER LXVII.

Usbek to Rhedi, at Venice.

COu'dst thou ever have imagined, I shou'd grow a greater Metaphysician than I used to be? yet so it has happened; and thou wilt be convinced of it, when thou hast undergone this Inundation of my Philology.

The wisest Philosophers that have meditated upon the Nature of God, have concluded him to be a Being infinitely perfect; but they have abused this Notion of him most wretchedly; they have mustered up all the various Perfections that Man is capable of possessing or imagining, and loaded the Idea of the Deity with them all:

all: without considering that these Attributes are even contrary, and cannot subsist in the same Person without destroying one another.

The Poets of the West say, that an ancient Painter intending to draw the Goddess of Beauty, got together all the finest *Grecian* Women, and took from each her particular Charm, of which he composed a Picture that resembled the most lovely of all the Goddesses. If a Man from hence shou'd conclude that she must therefore be Fair and Brown, her Eyes Grey and Black, and that she was both Easy and Untractable; he wou'd be thought very ridiculous.

God often wants a Perfection, that wou'd cause in him a greater Imperfection: but he is never limited by any but himself; he is his own Necessity: thus tho' God is All-powerful, yet he cannot violate his Promises, nor deceive Mankind. Very often too this Inability does not lie in him, but in relative things, and that is the Reason he cannot change their Essences.

So

So that there is no need to wonder some of our Doctors shou'd have presumed to deny the infinite Prescience of God, upon this Foundation, that it was incompatible with his Justice.

As daring as this Notion may seem, Metaphysics favour it wonderfully. According to the Principles of that, it is impossible for God to foresee such things as depend upon the Determination of free Agents; because that which never happened, does not exist, and consequently cannot be known: for Nothing having no Properties, cannot be perceiv'd: God cannot read in a Will which is not in being, nor see in the Soul a thing which does not exist in her: For 'till she has taken her Determination, the Action which she is determined upon is not in her.

The Soul is the Author of her own Determination: But there are some Occasions in which she is so irresolute, that she knows not which Way to determine. Sometimes she does it, merely to make use of her Liberty; so that God cannot see this Determination

tion beforehand, neither in the Action of the Soul, nor in the Action of the Objects upon her.

How should God foresee Things that depend upon the Determination of free Agents? He cou'd foresee them but two Ways: by Conjecture; which in the very Terms is a Contradiction to infinite Prescience: or else he must foresee them as necessary Effects infallibly attending a certain Cause which must infallibly produce them, which is yet more contradictory: for the Soul must be free by the very Supposition; and yet in the Fact she would be no more so, than one Billiard Ball is free to lie still when struck by another.

Yet do not imagine I wou'd set bounds to the Knowledge of God. As he makes his Creatures act just according to his own Will, he knows every thing that he thinks fit to know; but tho' it is in his Power to see every thing, yet he does not always make use of that Power: he generally leaves the Creature at Liberty to act or not to act, that it may have room to be
Guilty

Guilty or Innocent. It is in this View that he renounces his Right of acting upon her, and directing her Resolution: but when he is minded to know any thing, he always does know it; because he need only will that it shall happen as he sees it, and direct the Resolution of his Creature according to his Will. Thus he fetches the things which shall happen from among those which are merely possible, by fixing by his Decrees the future Determinations of the Minds of his Creatures, and depriving them of the Power he hath bestowed upon them of acting or not acting.

If we may presume to make use of a Comparison in a thing which is above all Comparisons; a Monarch does not know what his Ambassador will do in an Affair of Importance: if he thinks fit to know it, he need only give him Directions to behave so or so; and he may be assured the Thing will happen according to his Direction.

The Alcoran and the Books of the *Jews* constantly rise up against the Doctrine of absolute Prescience: in them,

them, God every where seems ignorant of the future Determinations of the Mind of Man; and this seems to be the first Truth that *Moses* taught to the World.

God places *Adam* in the Terrestrial Paradise, upon this Condition that he shall not eat of a certain Fruit; an absurd Precept from a Being that knew the future Determination of the Soul: for in short, cou'd such a Being promise his Favours upon Conditions, without indeed bantering the Creature to whom the Promise is made? 'Tis just as if a Man that was sure of the Taking of *Bagdad*, shou'd tell another; I will give you a thousand Crowns if *Bagdad* is not taken; wou'd it not be a poor scurvy Jest?

Paris, *the last of the Moon*
Chahban, 1714.



L E T-

LETTER LXVIII.

Zelis to Usbek, at Paris.

SOLIMAN whom thou lovest is drove perfectly to Despair, by an Affront which has been lately put upon him. A young desperate Block-head named *Suphis*, for three Years together sought his Daughter in Marriage: He seemed pleased with her Person, by the Account and Description he had of it from Women that had seen her in her Infancy; the Portion was agreed upon, and every thing went on without Obstruction. Yesterday, after the first Ceremonies, the young Maid issued forth on Horseback, attended by her Eunuch, and cover'd from Head to Foot, according to Custom: but when she came to her intended Husband's House, he shut the Door upon her, and swore he wou'd not take her, without they enlarged her Fortune. The Relations flock'd in to make up the Matter; and after much Persuasion, prevail'd upon

Soliman to make his Son-in-law a small Present. At length the Ceremonies being all compleated, they brought the young Woman to the Bed, not without great Struggling : but an Hour afterwards, the Madman got up in a violent Fury, cut her over the Face in several Places, swearing she was no Maid, and sent her back to her Father. It is impossible to be more confounded than he is with this Injury : many affirm the poor Girl is innocent. Fathers are very unhappy in being liable to such Affronts : if my Child shou'd meet with such Treatment, I believe I shou'd die with Grief.

*From the Seraglio at Fatme,
the 9th of the Moon Gem-
madi 1, 1714.*



LET

LETTER LXIX.

Usbek to Zelis.

I Pity *Soliman*, and so much the more, as his Misfortune is without Remedy, and his Son-in-law has only made use of the Privilege allow'd him by the Law. I own I think the Law very severe in thus exposing the Honour of a Family to the Caprice of a Madman: 'tis a Jest to say there are certain Rules to come at a Knowledge of the Truth; that is an old Error which we are now cured of, and our Physicians give unanswerable Reasons for the Uncertainty of those Proofs. The very Christians look upon them to be Chimerical, tho' they are plainly established in their sacred Books, and their ancient Legislator made the Innocence or Condemnation of all Women to depend upon it.

I hear with Pleasure the Care thou takest of the Education of thine: God grant that her Husband may
M 2 find

find her as pure and as beautiful as *Fatima*: that she may have ten Eunuchs to watch her: that she may be the Honour and Ornament of the Seraglio, for which she is decreed: that she may always have gilded Cielings over her Head, and rich Tapestry under her Feet: and to compleat my Wishes, may my Eyes behold her in all her Glory!

Paris, the 5th of the Moon
Chalval, 1714.

L E T T E R LXX.

Rica to Usbek, at * * *

I Was t'other Day in Company, where there was a Man hugely pleased with himself. In a quarter of an Hour he had decided three Questions in Morality; four Problems in History; and five Points in natural Philosophy: I never came near so universal a Decider: his Mind was never suspended by the least Doubt. We
left

left the Sciences ; we talk'd of the News of the Times ; he decided the News of the Times. I had a Mind to catch him, and I said to my self I will get into my strongest Intrenchment ; I will take Shelter in my own Country. I talk'd about *Persia* : but I had scarce spoke four Words but he contradicted me twice, upon the Authority of *Tavernier* and *Chardin*. Good God, quoth I to my self, what a strange Fellow is this ! He will be better acquainted with the Streets of *Ispahan* than I am, presently ! However I soon came to my Resolution : I held my Peace, I let him alone, and he decides on to this Day.

Paris, the 8th of the Moon
Zilcadé, 1715.



LETTER LXXI.

Rica to * * *

THE Populace is an Animal which Sees and Hears, but never Thinks. It is always either in a Lethargy or in a Fury; and is continually going and coming from one of these Conditions to the other, without ever knowing from whence it set out.

I have heard talk in *France* of a certain Governor of *Normandy*, who, being desirous to make himself considerable at Court, wou'd ever and anon stir up an Insurrection himself, and then as suddenly quell it again.

He afterwards own'd that the biggest Insurrection never cost him, at most, above half a *Toman*. His way was to get to some Tavern a Parcel of scoundrel rascally Fellows to open the Cry to the rest of the Town, and so on to the whole Province.

This brings to my Mind a Letter which, in the late Troubles of *Paris*,
one

one of the Generals of that City wrote to a Friend of his.

“ Three Days ago I ordered the
 “ Troops of the City to make a Sal-
 “ ly, but they were repuls’d with Loſs.
 “ However, I am very confident I
 “ ſhall eaſily repair this ſmall Miſ-
 “ fortune ; I have got half a dozen
 “ Songs and Ballads ready to be pub-
 “ liſh’d, which I don’t in the leaſt
 “ doubt will reſtore things to an
 “ *Æquilibrium*. I have made choicc
 “ of ſome very clear Voices, which
 “ proceeding from the Cavity of cer-
 “ tain very ſtrong Lungs, will ſtrange-
 “ ly move the Populace; they are ſet
 “ to a Tune which has hitherto had
 “ a marvellous Effect*.

“ If this will not do, it has been
 “ reſolv’d in Council, that a Print ſhall
 “ be publiſh’d, representing a Gallows
 “ and *Mazarin* hanging at it: and if
 “ the Conjuncture of Affairs ſhou’d

* Like our Lilliburlero, which Bp. Burnet ſays, contributed ſo much to the Revolution.

“ ever so little require it, our next
 “ Resource will be to order the En-
 “ graver to break him on the Wheel.
 “ It is very providential for us,
 “ that * He does not speak good
 “ *French*; nay, he murders it to that
 “ degree, his Affairs must needs de-
 “ cline. We do not omit to make
 “ the People take notice, what a ri-
 “ diculous Pronunciation he has †.
 “ Some Days ago we animadverted
 “ upon a Grammatical Blunder of his,
 “ so egregious, that it afforded Mat-
 “ ter for several Drolls and Interludes,
 “ in all the Cross-ways and chief
 “ Places of Concourse throughout the
 “ City and Country.
 “ I leave you to judge after this,
 “ whether the People are in the wrong
 “ to be so inveterate against him, and
 “ to turn the Name of *Mazarin* into a
 “ common Appellative for all such

* Cardinal Mazarin was an Italian by Birth.

† The Cardinal being to pronounce the Edict of the Union, he called it, before the Deputies of the Parliament, the Edict of the Onion: which gave the Populace an Occasion to be very merry.

“Beasts as carry or draw Bur-
“thens.

“Our Music has so enraged him
“upon the Topick of * Original
“Sin, that to avoid the Mortifica-
“tion of seeing his Adherents re-
“duced to half their Number, he
“has been forced to dismiss all his
“Pages.

I am, &c.

Paris, the 9th of the Moon
Zilcadé, 1715.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Usbek, to * * *

WHat can be the Motive of those
exorbitant Grants made by
Princes to their Courtiers; do they
think to make them the more devoted
to their Service, and attach them the

* Original Sin means the Sin of his being born
an Alien.

more firmly to their Persons? They are already theirs as much as they can be: and besides, if they gain some of their Subjects by purchasing them, they must for the same Reason lose a great many others by impoverishing them.

When I reflect on the Condition of Princes, always beset with greedy and insatiable Men, I can't but pity them; and I pity them yet more, when they have not the Courage to refuse such Beggars, as are never to be gratify'd but at the Expence of those who Beg nothing.

I never hear of their Liberalities, the Favours and Pensions which they are so profuse of, but I give my self up to a thousand Reflections; a Croud of Ideas pour in upon my Mind, and I fancy I hear the following Proclamation published.

The indefatigable Courage, and unwearied Perseverance of some of our richest Subjects in asking Pensions of Us, having incessantly exercis'd our Royal Munificence, We have at last yielded to the
innu-

innumerable Multitude of Petitions which they have presented to Us, and which have hitherto been the greatest Solitude of the Throne. They have set forth to Us, that since our Accession to the Crown they never once failed to appear at our Levée, that we have always seen them on our Way wherever we went, immoveable as so many Land-marks, and that they have clamber'd over the tallest Shoulders to look at Our Serenity: We have likewise receiv'd several Petitions from some of the Fair Sex, humbly praying Us, to take into our serious Consideration, That they are very chary of Conversation, and hard to be pleased: nay, some very super-annuated ones have begged Us, shaking their Heads, to consider that they were the Ornament of the Court of the Kings our Predecessors; and that if the Generals of their Armies have made the State formidable by their martial Exploits, themselves have rendred the Court no less renown'd by their Intrigues. For These Reasons, being willing to treat the Petitioners Graciously, and to grant all their Requests, We have Ordained as follows:

That

That every Husbandman or Farmer having five Children, shall daily retrench a fifth part of the Bread he gives them: enjoynning however each Father of a Family to proportion this Diminution, in as exact and equal a manner as possible.

We expressly forbid all such as apply themselves to the Culture of their Estates themselves, or who let them out upon Lease, to bestow thereupon any Repairs whatsoever.

We forbid from this time forwards, all Persons of ungentleel and Mechanic Employments, who have never been at the Levée of Our Majesty, to buy a Suit of Clothes for themselves, their Wives, or Children, oftner than once in four Years; strictly charging them, likewise, to forbear those little Banquettings and Merry-makings, they have been accustomed to in their own Families, or with their Friends, on the chief Festivals of the Year.

And for as much as we have receiv'd Information, that most of the Burghers of our principal Towns, are entirely taken up with providing Settlements for their Daughters, which said Daughters have no otherwise recommended themselves in
our

our State, but by a melancholy, troublesome and uneasy Modesty; We ordain that the said Fathers do forbear marrying their said Daughters, till, having attain'd the Age limited by the Ordinance, they constrain and compel their said Fathers to marry them off. We forbid all our Magistrates to take care of, or provide for, the Education of their Sons. Given at... the

Paris, the 11th of the Moon:
Zilcadé, 1715.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

Usbek, to * * *

A Man of Wit is generally very difficult in the matter of Society: he chuses but few Persons to converse with; he is tired with that great number of People whom he is pleas'd to call bad Company; it is impossible for him not to shew his Distaste a little; and this makes 'em all his Enemies, every Mother's Child of them.

Sure

Sure of pleasing whenever he has a Mind to it, he very often neglects the doing it at all. He is inclined to Criticism and Censure, because he sees more Things than another, and has a quicker and truer Sense of them.

He almost always ruins his Fortune, because his Wit furnishes him with more ways of doing it.

He miscarries in his Undertakings, because he hazards a great deal; his View, always extensive, takes in Objects which are at too great a Distance, not to mention that in the Birth of a Project, he is not so intent on the Difficulties which arise from the Thing, as on the Remedies proceeding from Himself, and which he fetches from his own Breast alone.

He overlooks little things, on which, however, depends the Success of almost all great Affairs.

On the contrary, a Man of *slow Parts* lets nothing escape him, that he can any how turn to his Advantage; he is very sensible he can't afford to lose any thing by Negligence.

The

The Man of slow Parts, most commonly, runs away with the general Approbation. To Him People love to be giving, and are overjoy'd to take from the Other. Whilst Envy vents it self on the One, and nothing shall be pardon'd him; the Other's Defects, be they ever so many or great, shall be all supplied by Favour; Vanity declares herself on his side.

But if Men of Wit have so many Disadvantages, what shall we say of the hard Condition of the Virtuosi?

I never think of these unhappy Men, but I call to Mind a Letter from one of them, to a Friend of his, in the following Terms.

S I R,

I am one of those who are every Night taken up with viewing, thro' a thirty Foot Telescope, those vast Bodies which roll over our Heads; and when I have a mind to recreate myself, I take my little Microscopes, and observe a Cheese-mite or a Hand-worm.

I am not Rich, and have but one Chamber, in which I dare not so much
as

as make a Fire, because I keep my Thermometer there, and the external Heat wou'd make the Glass rise. Last Winter I had like to have been starv'd to Death with Cold; and tho' my Thermometer, which was at the lowest Degree, gave me warning that my Hands wou'd be frozen quite up, I did not mind it, but went on in my old Track, and had the Consolation of being exactly appriz'd of the most insensible Alterations of the Weather all last Year.

I am not very communicative, and of all the People whom I see, I do not know a single Person; but there is a Man at Stockholm, another at Leipfick, and another at London, whom I never saw, and most certainly never shall, with whom I keep so exact a Correspondence, that I hardly miss a Post without writing to them.

But tho' I'm acquainted with no Body in my Neighbourhood, I am in so bad a Repute that I shall be at length forced to quit it. Five Years ago, I was rudely insulted by one of my Female Neighbours, for having made a Dissection of a Dog she said belong'd to her: a Butcher's Wife
that

that was by, took her Part, and whilſt the latter loaded me with foul Language, the other ſlung Stones at me, conjointly with Doctor * * * who was with me, and who receiv'd a terrible Blow on the Frontal and Occipital Bone, whereby the Seat of his Reason was very much ſhaken.

Ever ſince that Time, when any Dog happens to run aſtray at the Street's end, it is preſently concluded that he is fallen into my Hands. A wealthy Burgher's Wife having loſt a Puppy, which ſhe ſaid ſhe lov'd more than her Children, came t'other Day, and fell into Fits in my Chamber about her four-footed Favourite, and not finding him, ſhe got a Warrant and had me before a Magiſtrate. I believe I ſhall never be deliver'd from the Malice of theſe vexatious Women, who with their yelping Voices are inceſſantly deafning my Ears, with the funeral Oration of all the Automaton, which have died for theſe ten Years paſt.

I am, &c.

Formerly the Virtuofi were all accuſed of Magic; nor do I wonder at it;

it; every one said to himself: I have carried the Talents of Nature as far as they can go; and yet a certain Virtuoso has the advantage of me, he must certainly deal with the *Devil*.

Such sort of Accusations being now exploded, another Turn has been taken, and a Virtuoso can hardly escape the Charge of Irreligion or Heresy: the People's absolving him signifies nothing, the Wound is made, it will never be thoroughly closed up; it is always a sore Place to him; an Adversary shall come thirty Years afterwards and say modestly to him: God forbid I shou'd say that what you was accused of was true; but you was obliged to defend your self: and thus they turn against him his very Justification. If he writes a History, and does it with any degree of Freedom and Impartiality, he brings a thousand Persecutions upon himself: the Magistrate shall be stirr'd up against him, about a Thing done a thousand Years ago; and his Pen shall be confined, if it is not Venal.

More.

More happy however than thoſe baſe Wretches, who prostitute their Conſcience for a poor Penſion; who are not paid above a Half-penny a piece for all their Impoſtures, take 'em one with another; who overturn the Conſtitution of Empires, diminish the Rights of one Potentate, augment thoſe of another, give to Princes, take from the People, revive antiquated Pretenſions, ſooth the Paſſions which are in Vogue, and the Vices which are on the Throne, impoſing on Poſterity ſo much the more villanouſly, as it has fewer Means of invalidating their Evidence.

But what ſhall I ſay of this Age, when I ſee a learned and ingenious Man at the Mercy of a Bookſeller? when I behold a Man that deſerves to have Statues erected to him, neceſſitated to devote his Lucubrations, and mortgage his Brains, to raiſe the Fortune of a ſharping Tradeſman? His Works might have been uſeful to Poſterity; but they are precipitated through Avarice, and the End entirely ſubjected to the Means.

But

But it is not enough for an Author to have suffer'd all these Affronts; it is not enough for him to have been in a continual Uneasiness about the Success of his Work, at length it sees the Light, this Work which has cost him so much Pains; it draws Quarrels upon him from every Quarter; and how can he avoid them? He held an Opinion, he supported this Opinion by his Writings, he did not know that a Man two hundred Leagues off had said the contrary; and yet here's a War declared!

However, he may hope to obtain some Consideration, you'll say. No, at most he is only esteem'd by such as have bent their Studies to the same sort of Science as he has done. A Philosopher has a sovereign Contempt for a Man, whose Head is loaded with historical Facts: and he, in his turn, is lookt upon as an Enthusiast by one who has a good Memory.

As for those who make profession of an arrogant and supercilious Ignorance, they wou'd have all Mankind buried

buried in the same Oblivion wherein they will be buried themselves.

A Man to whom a Talent is wanting, makes himself amends by despising it; he removes that Obstacle which was between Merit and Him, and thereby finds himself on a level with the Man whose Pen he dreads.

To conclude the Case of the Scholar; To an uncertain and equivocal Reputation, must be added, Privation of Pleasure, and Loss of Health.

Paris, *the 10th of the Moon*
Zilcadé, 1715.

The End of the First Volume.

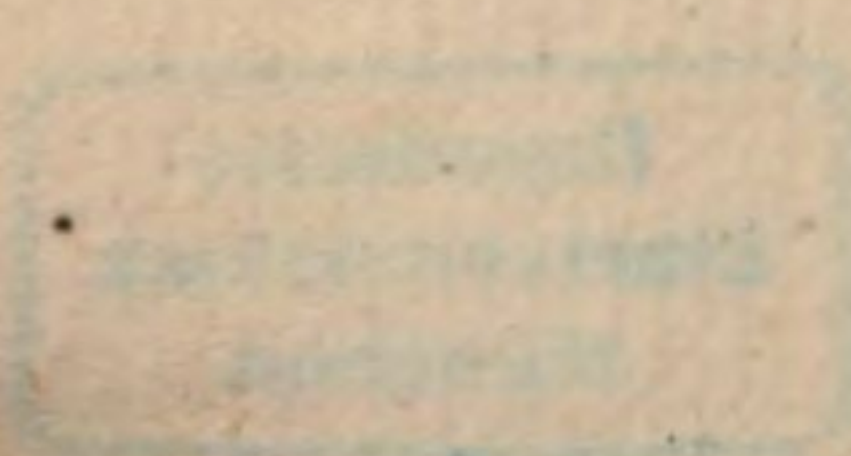


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Portrait of the late William

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The End of the High



Inv. N^o

Montesquieu, Charles Louis de Secondat <<de>> ,

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